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SELECTIONS
IN PROSE
AND POETRY

THE READING CLUB

EDITED BY
GEORGE M. BAKER.

LEE & SHEPARD, Publishers, BOSTON

M.N.S.

Plays for Amateur Players.

BY GEORGE M. BAKER,

Author of "Amateur Dramas," "The Mimic Stage," "The Social Stage," "The Drawing-Room Stage," "Handy Dramas," "The Exhibition Drama," "A Baker's Dozen," etc.

Titles in this Type are New Plays.

Titles in this Type are Temperance Plays.

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In Four Acts.

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In Three Acts.

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AMONG THE BREAKERS. 6 male, 4 female char. 15

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ONCE ON A TIME. 4 male, 2 female char. 15

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THE SEVEN AGES. A Tableau Entertainment. Numerous male and female char. 1

TOO LATE FOR THE TRAIN. 2 male char. 1

THE VISIONS OF FREEDOM. 11 female char. 1

No. 14. No. 14.

THE

READING CLUB

AND

HANDY SPEAKER:

BEING

SERIOUS, HUMOROUS, PATHETIC, PATRIOTIC, AND DRAMATIC SELECTIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY,

FOR

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

EDITED BY

GEORGE M. BAKER.

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BOSTON:
LEE AND SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS.
NEW YORK:
CHARLES T. DILLINGHAM.

NOTE.

In the preparation of "The Reading Club," the editor endeavors to print only such selections as have not been used in other compilations. How successful he is in this, is shown by the appearance in rival readers and speakers, *after* they appear in "The Reading Club," of choice pieces, bearing unmistakable marks of his editing. To those authors who have kindly allowed the use of their productions, to friends who have loaned valuable scrap-books containing rare pieces, and to the press "where all good things appear," the editor returns thanks for valuable assistance in the compilation of this volume. In all cases where the author is known, credit is given in the "contents." The thirteen previous parts of this series have been so successful, that the appearance of this volume in time for the annual school exhibitions, it is hoped, will amply satisfy for a while those who are looking for something new.

Copyright, 1885,

By George M. Baker.

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Dec. 7. 1886

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THE READING-CLUB.

VIRGINIA.

[Adapted.]

YE good men of the commons, with loving hearts and true,
Who stand by the bold tribunes that still have stood by you,
Come, make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
A tale of what Rome once hath borne, of what Rome yet may bear.
This is no Grecian fable, of fountains running wine,
Of maids with snaky tresses, or sailors turned to swine.
Here in this very Forum, under the noonday sun,
In sight of all the people, the bloody deed was done;
Old men still creep among us who saw that fearful day,
Just seventy years and seven ago, when the wicked Ten bare sway.

Of all the wicked Ten, still the names are held accursed;
And of all the wicked Ten, Appius Claudius was the worst.
He stalked along the Forum like King Tarquin in his pride;
Twelve axes waited on him, six marching on a side;
The townsmen shrank to right and left, and eyed askance with fear
His lowering brow, his curling mouth which alway seemed to sneer:
That brow of hate, that mouth of scorn, mark all the kindred still;
For never was there Claudius yet but wished the commons ill.
Nor lacks he fit attendance; for close behind his heels,
With outstretched chin and crouching pace, the client Marcus steals;

His loins girt up to run with speed, be the errand what it may,
And the smile flickering on his cheek, for aught his lord may say.
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the greedy pike ye see;
And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still will be.

Just then, as through one cloudless chink in a black stormy sky
Shines out the dewy morning-star, a fair young girl came by;
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Home she went bounding from the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm;
And past those dreaded axes she innocently ran,
With bright, frank brow that had not learned to blush at gaze of man;
And up the sacred street she turned, and, as she danced along,
She warbled gayly to herself lines of the good old song,
How for a sport the princes came spurring from the camp,
And found Lucrece combing the fleece, under the midnight lamp.
The maiden sang as sings the lark, when up he darts his flight,
From his nest in the green April corn, to meet the morning light;
And Appius heard her sweet young voice, and saw her sweet young face,
And loved her with the accursed love of his accursed race;
And all along the Forum, and up the sacred street,
His vulture eye pursued the trip of those small glancing feet.

Over the Alban Mountains the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of smoke;
The city gates were opened; the Forum, all alive
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive.
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing,

And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home —
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome!
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when erewhile
He crouched behind his patron's heels with the true client smile:
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist.
Hard strove the frighted maiden, and screamed with look aghast;
And, at her scream, from right and left the folk came running fast:
The money-changer Crispus, with his thin silver hairs;
And Hanno, from the stately booth glittering with Punic wares;
And the strong smith Muræna, grasping a half-forged brand;
And Volero the flesher, his cleaver in his hand, —
All came in wrath and wonder, for all knew that fair child;
And, as she passed them twice a day, all kissed their hands and smiled.
And the strong smith Muræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go.
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled in harsh, fell tone, —
"She's mine, and I will have her, I seek but for mine own.
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
I wait on Appius Claudius, I waited on his sire:
Let him who'd work the client ill, beware the patron's ire!"
So spake the varlet Marcus, and fear and silence came
O'er all the people at the sound of that dread Claudian name.

Yet ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Muræna's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast;
And sprang upon that column, by many a minstrel sung,
Whereon three mouldering helmets, three rusting swords, are hung;
And beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear:
"Now by your children's cradles, now by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be forever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil seed?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
Exult, ye proud patricians! The hard-fought fight is o'er:
We strove for honors, 'twas in vain; for freedom, 'tis no more.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will,
Riches, and lands, and power, and state: ye have them — keep them still.
Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the car and laurel crown:
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have won.
Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the gate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate.
But by the shades beneath us, and by the gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare."

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down;
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake: "Farewell, sweet child! farewell!
Oh, how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling loved me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold when I came back last year;
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic gown!
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my crown.
Now all those things are over, — yes, all thy pretty ways,
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn.
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now, for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come. See how he points his eager hand this way!
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon his prey!
With all his wit, he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath in his despair one fearful refuge left.
He little deems that in this hand I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;

Yea, and from nameless evil that passeth taunt and blow, —
Foul outrage which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this."
With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered, and sank down,
And hid his face some little space with the corner of his gown;
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat, and held the knife on high,
"O dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain!
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius has dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius, and all the Claudia line!"

So spake the slayer of his child, and turned and went his way;
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then with steadfast feet
Strode right across the market-place, unto the sacred street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him, alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head!"
He looked upon his clients, but none would work his will;
He looked upon his lictors, but they trembled and stood still.
And thrice the tossing Forum set up a frightful yell, —
"See, see, thou dog, what thou hast done, and hide thy shame in hell!
Tribunes! Hurrah for tribunes! Down with the wicked Ten!"

THE CURFEW HEROINE.

[The story that is the basis of the well-known poem, "Curfew shall not ring to-night," told in prose is as follows.]

It lacked quite half an hour of curfew-toll. The old bell-ringer came from under the wattled roof of his cottage stoop, and stood with uncovered head in the clear, sweet-scented air. He had grown blind and deaf in the service; but his arm was as muscular as ever, and he who listened this day marked no faltering in the heavy metallic throbs of the cathedral-bell. Old Jasper had lived through many changes. He had tolled out his notes of mourning for good Queen Bess; and, with tears scarcely dry, he had rung the glad tidings of the coronation of James. Charles I. had been crowned, reigned, and expiated his weakness before all England, in Jasper's time; and now he who under the army held all the commonwealth in the hollow of his hand, ruled as more than monarch; and still the old man, with the habit of a long life upon him, rang his matin and sorrow.

Jasper stood alone now, lifting his dimmed eyes up to the softly dappled sky.

The walls of his memory seemed so written over, — so crossed and recrossed by the annals of the years that had gone before, that there seemed little room for any thing in the present. Little recked he that Cromwell's spearsmen were camped on the moor beyond the village, that Cromwell himself rode with his guardsmen a league away: he only knew that the bell had been rung in the tower when William the Conqueror made curfew a law, had been spared by Puritan and Roundhead, and that his arm for sixty years had never failed him.

He was moving with slow step toward the gate, when a woman came hurriedly in from the street, and stood beside him, — a lovely woman, but with face so blanched that it seemed carved in the whitest of marble, with all of its roundness and dimples. Her great solemn eyes were raised to the aged face in pitiful appeal, and the lips formed words that he could not understand.

"Speak up, lass: I am deaf, and cannot hear your clatter."

The voice raised, and the hands clasped and unclasped, and wrung themselves together, palm and palm.

"For heaven's sake, Jasper, do not ring the curfew to-night!"

"What! na ring curfew! Ye must be daft, lassie."

"Jasper, for sweet heaven's sake, for my sake, for one night in all your life long, forget to ring the bell! Fail this once, and my lover shall live, who Cromwell says shall die at curfew-toll. Do you hear? my lover, Richard Temple. See, Jasper, here is gold to make your old age happy. I sold my jewels that the Lady Maud gave me, and it shall all be yours for one curfew."

"Would ye bribe me, Lily De Vere? Ye're a changeling. Ye've na the blood of the Plantagenets in ye're veins, as ye're mother had. What! corrupt the bell-ringer under her majesty good Queen Bess! Not for all the gold that Lady Maud could bring me! Babes have been born, and strong men have died, before now, at the ringing of my bell. Awa'! Awa'!"

And out on the village-green, with the solemn shadows of the lichens lengthening over it, a strong man awaited the curfew to toll for his death. He stood, handsome and brave and tall, — taller by an inch than the tallest pikeman who garded him.

What had he done, that he should die? Little it mattered in those days, when the sword that the great Cromwell wielded was so prone to fall, what he or others had done. He had been scribe to the late lord up at the castle; and Lady Maud, forgetting that man must woo, and woman must wait, had given her heart to him without the asking, while the gentle Lily De Vere, distant kinswoman and poor companion to her, had, without seeking, found the treasures of his true love, and held them fast. Then he had joined the army, and made one of the pious soldiers whose evil passions were never stirred but by sign or symbol of Popery; but a scorned woman's hatred had reached him even there. Enemies and deep plots had compassed him about, and conquered him. To-night he was to die.

The beautiful world lay as a vivid picture before him. The dark green wood above the rocky hill, where Robin Hood and his merry men had dwelt; the frowning castle, with its drawbridge and square towers; the long stretch of moor, with the purple shadows upon it; the green, straight walks of the village; the birds overhead, even the daisies at his feet, he saw. But, ah! more vividly than all, he saw the great red sun, with its hazy veil, lingering above the trees, as though it pitied him with more than human pity.

He was a God-fearing and God-serving man. He had long made his peace with Heaven. Nothing stood between him and death: nothing rose pleading between him and those who were to destroy him but the sweet face of Lily De Vere, whom he loved. She had knelt at Cromwell's feet, and pleaded for his life. She had wearied Heaven with her prayers, but all without avail.

Slowly now the great sun went down. Slowly the last red rim was hid behind the greenwood. Thirty seconds more, and his soul would be with his God. The color did not forsake his cheeks. The dark rings of hair lay upon a warm brow. It was his purpose to die as martyrs and brave men die. What was life, that he should cling to it? He almost felt the air pulsate with the first heavy roll of the death-knell. But no sound came. Still facing the soldiers, with his clear gray eyes upon them, he waited. The crimson banners in the west were paling to pink. The kine, gathered into their yards, had ceased their lowing.

All nature had sounded her curfew, but old Jasper was silent.

The bell-ringer, with his gray head yet bared, had traversed half the distance that lay between his cottage and the ivy-covered tower, when a form went flitting past him, with pale shadowy robes floating around it, and hair that the low western lights touched and tinted as with a halo.

"Ah, Huldah, Huldah?" the old man muttered: "how swift she flies! I will come soon, dear. My work is almost done." Huldah was the good wife who had gone from him in her early womanhood, and for whom he had mourned all his long life. But the fleeting form was not Huldah's: it was Lily De Vere, hurried by a sudden and desperate purpose toward the cathedral.

"So help me God, curfew shall not ring to-night! Cromwell and his dragoons come this way. Once more I will kneel at his feet, and plead."

She entered the ruined arch. She wrenched from its fastenings the carved and worm-eaten door that barred the way to the tower. She ascended with flying and frenzied feet the steps, her heart lifted up to God for Richard's deliverance from peril. The bats flew out, and shook the dust of centuries from the black carvings. As she went up, she caught glimpses of the interior of the great building, with its groined roof, its chevrons and clustered columns, its

pictured saint and carved image of the Virgin, which the pillages of ages had spared to be dealt with by time, the most relentless vanquisher of all.

Her breath was coming short and gasping. She saw through an open space old Jasper cross the road at the foot of the tower. Oh, how far! The seconds were treasures which Cromwell, with all his blood-bought commonwealth, could not purchase from her. Up, ah! there, just above her, with its great brazen mouth and wicked tongue, the bell hung.

A worm-eaten block for a step, and one small white hand had clasped itself above the clapper, the other prepared at the tremble to rise and clasp its mate, and the feet to swing off; and thus she waited. Jasper was old and slow, but he was sure, and it came at last. A faint quiver, and the young feet swung from their rest, and the tender hands clasped for more than their precious life the writhing thing. There was groaning and creaking of the rude pulleys above, and then the strokes came heavy and strong. Jasper's hand had not forgot its cunning, nor his arm its strength. The tender, soft form was swung and dashed to and fro. But she clung to and caressed the cold, cruel thing. Let one stroke come, and a thousand might follow, for its fatal work would be done. She wreathed her white hands about it, so that at every pull of the great ropes, it crushed into the flesh. It tore her, and wounded and bruised; but there, in the solemn twilight, the brave woman swung and fought with the curfew; and God gave her victory.

The old bell-ringer said to himself, "Ay, Huldah, my work is done. The pulleys are getting too heavy for my old arms. My ears, too, have failed me. I dinna hear one stroke of the curfew. Dear old bell, it is my ears that have gone false, and not thou. Farewell, old friend."

And just beyond the worn pavement a shadowy form again went flitting past him. There were drops of blood upon the white garments, and the face was like the face of one who walked in her sleep, and the hands hung wounded and powerless.

Cromwell paused with his horsemen under the dismantled Maypole before the village green. He saw the man who was to die at sunset, standing up in the dusky air, tall as a king, and beautiful as Absalom. He gazed with knitted brow and angry eye; but his lips did not give utterance to

the quick command that trembled on them, for a girl came flying toward him. Pikeman and archer stepped aside to let her pass. She threw herself upon the turf at his horse's feet; she lifted her bleeding and tortured hands to his gaze, and once more poured out her prayer for the life of her lover. With trembling lips she told him why Richard still lived, why the curfew had not sounded.

Lady Maud, looking out of her latticed window at the castle, saw the great Protector dismount, lift the fainting form in his arms, and bear her to her lover. She saw the guards release the prisoner, and she heard the shouts of joy at his deliverance; then she welcomed the night that shut the scene out from her envious eye, and sculptured her in its gloom.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDE.

They sing their songs and their life-boat lays; and the gossip to guest from host
Is of wreckage wild in the winter-time round the dangerous Cornish coast;
There are plenty of yarns of the sailor, and of fishermen out at sea;
There are tales of the lighthouse-keepers, and of women who bend the knee
When their mates are away in the storm-time, and the cottage is left to the roar
Of the hurricane lashing the surf to foam, and screaming about the shore;
But best of all the tales that ever I heard to make me think better of men
Who fling in their lives for duty — It happened — you ask me when?
On a wonderful summer's evening, just as holiday-time began.
It had for its scene old Cornwall, its hero a Coastguardman.

A party of "trippers" had ventured to visit the rocks and caves,
Where the sea-birds find their houses, and ignorant folks their graves.

You may search for wild adventure on the seacoast south and north,
But for beauty, travel by Truro to the village of Perranporth.
It was there on this summer evening, on the beach as the daylight died,
That a wandering, thoughtless fellow was caught at the turn of the tide;
Up came the sea and trapped him, cutting the ground from his feet;
He rushed, but he couldn't go onward; then back — there was no retreat!
Up came the sea still closer — was it death? Not a second to count:
Then setting his teeth at the danger, up the cliffs he began to mount.

Tearing the turf and the grasses, and scaring the sea-bird's nest,
Clinging with feet and fingers, and bruising his arms and breast,
At last with a desperate struggle he lifted his life to a stone,
Where he held with a cry for a second, suspended in air, alone!
Once more death barred his passage; and his terrified face turned gray,
For the ledge of the rock he clung to was crumbling slowly away.
"Where is the man for a rescue?" so the cry of agony ran.
"I am that man, God willing!" said Regan the Coastguardman.
Then followed a terrible silence, a horror that might be felt,
For the village was emptied of women, who muttered their prayers and knelt;
They could see the eyes of the shivering man, with the agonized face turned gray,
As stone after stone from his safety-ledge kept slowly crumbling away.
"Bring me a rope," said Regan, "and bind it about my waist.
Look at that wretched fellow: in a second he'll fall! Make haste!

Keep the cord tight in your hands, mates — there, tighter so, and stiff;
Now wait till I give the signal; then haul me over the cliff.
Why do you stand there staring? I'll save him, mates, if I can;
If I die, I have done my duty," said Regan the Coastguardman.

He swooped for his prey like an eagle, as they lowered with bated breath
This man with his brave life given to a fellow condemned to death;
The silence grew more awful, and agony paled on the lip
Of the women and men who waited: till at last with a mighty grip
The man of the Coastguard seized him, and tightened his arms around
This prize he had risked his life for; then, searching for safety ground,
They swung from the ledge together, for the rope was taut and stiff,
Till it dragged the burdened hero to the arms of the crowd on the cliff!

There are times when the heart's too full, sir, for even our English cheers;
But the women, they crowded around him with kisses, and prayers, and tears!
So tell it about from the south to north, proclaim it where you can;
So spread it forth from Perranporth, this tale of a Coastguardman.

London Punch.

"THE LORD'S PLATE."

It was a cottage, white and wee,
Not far from where the tossing sea
Came foaming in from foreign lands
To lay its waves upon our sands.

Dame Barbara in the cottage dwelt,
And daily at the window knelt,
With claspèd hands, and eyes of love
Raised trustingly to heaven above.
Alone she lived, yet knew no fear;
"For," so she said, "my Lord is here."
And poor she was; "but then," said she,
"Full many blessings fall to me."
Husband and son, long time ago,
Had made a heaven for her below
The far-off skies. Now one was there:
The other — oh! she knew not where.
In each Thanksgiving, Barbara's heart,
Spite of its loneliness, took part,
Although no "extra" could she spread
For relish with her daily bread;
Nor came a neighbor ever there,
Her simple, scanty meal to share.
Yet always *one plate more* was laid, —
"The Lord's plate," Barbara gently said.
And thus, on one Thanksgiving eve,
Kneeling, she prayed: "Lord, I believe
That thou *some* guest, in thy dear name,
Wilt surely send, thy plate to claim,
Which I long years have laid for thee,
That thou might'st come and eat with me.
And yet not thou, but one whom, sad,
Perchance poor Barbara may make glad."
Then, as she drew the curtains white,
She watched the silent, starry night
Across the sea, and thought of him,
Her wandering boy, with eyes all dim,
And lastly raised those tear-wet eyes
To "father's home" beyond the skies,
Then, as the midnight hour drew near,
Lay down to sleep without a fear.

Thanksgiving noon had come. Glad feet
Came speeding through the village street
From "meeting," where old Parson Grey
Had "given thanks" for the glad day.
Behind them Barbara came so slow.
To her wee home she turned to go,

The wee white cottage, where her own
And her Lord's plate were laid alone.
All quiet was the room. Thought she,—
"*Next* year my Lord may honor me.
I must e'en wait." Lo! just outside
A step was heard. The door stood wide,
And on the threshold, as she turned,
She faced the son for whom she yearned,—
The son, who stood with outstretched hands,
A wanderer back from foreign lands;
With tremblings lest he ne'er might see
The "mother's face" again, came he,
Loving, repentant, full of joy,
In years a man, at heart a boy.
Oh, happy Barbara! never more
To pray alone beside the shore!
How welcome he her Lord had sent
To claim the plate for his sake meant!

Mary D. Brine.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

I.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

II.

Majestic monarch of the cloud!
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,

When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

III.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph, high,
When speaks the signal trumpet-tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on;
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;
And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

IV.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave:
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

V.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

Joseph Rodman Drake.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and the dying lay,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day, —
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of the fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould:
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful blue-veined brow,
Brush all the wandering waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now:
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer both soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take:
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best! he was somebody's love:
Somebody's heart inshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer;
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Sombody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's waiting and watching for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here."

Anonymous.

A CATASTROPHE.

No human being that saw the sight
But gave a shudder of pale affright.
It sat in a window three stories high, —
A little baby, and no one nigh.

A stranger saw him, and stopped to stare;
A crowd soon gathered to watch him there;
A gleam, a flutter; in airy flight,
Came past the window a butterfly bright.

From fields of clover and perfumed air,
Wayfaring insect, what brought you there?
The baby saw it, and eagerly
Reached out to clutch it with crowing glee, —

With fat pink fingers reached out — and fell!
The awful horror no tongue can tell!
Weak women fainted, strong men grew weak,
Up rose one woman's heart-piercing shriek.

Hurrah for the awning! On the fly,
It caught the youngster, and tossed him high.
The bounce prodigious made baby scowl:
He caught his breath, sir, and set up a howl.

All blessed that awning that had no flaw,
But a madder baby you never saw.

THE GOOD WIFE.

It is just as you say, neighbor Green:
A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
I never have found in my life.
But then, she keeps every one else
As busy as birds on the wing:
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town,
Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
Her crullers and puddings just right.
But then, while I eat them she tells
Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toil she endures,—
Oh, she's such a fidgety thing!

My house is as neat as a pin;
You should see how the door-handles shine;
And all of the soft-cushioned chairs
And nice-swept carpets are mine.
But then, she so frets at the dust,
At a fly, at a straw, at a string,
That I stay out of doors all I can,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She doctors the neighbors: oh, yes!
If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffrons and squills,
Her dainty-made gruels and soup.

But then, she insists on her right
To physic my blood in the spring;
And she takes the whole charge of my bile,—
Oh, she's such a fidgety thing!

She knits all my stockings herself;
My shirts are bleached white as the snow;
My old clothes look better than new,
Yet daily more threadbare they grow.
But then, if a morsel of lint
Or dust on my trousers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
She is such a fidgety thing.

You have heard of a spirit so meek,
So meek that it never opposes;
Its own it dares never to speak:
Alas! I am meeker than Moses!
But then, I am not reconciled
The subordinate music to sing:
I submit, to get rid of a row,
She is such a fidgety thing.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure to me has been given;
But sometimes I fain would be glad
To lay up my treasure in heaven.
But then, every life has its cross;
Most pleasures on earth have their sting;
She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green,
But she's such a fidgety thing!

A SERIOUS JAR.

If Jem is the same as Jim,
And G sounds the same as J,
Then between a Gem, and Jim, and Jem,
What is the difference, pray?

We read about Gem Jars, —
Jars made for holding jam.
Then, are these Gem jars jim jam jars?
(Be calm, my mind, be calm.)

Jim-jams is a modified way
Of saying delirium trem;
And the jars of a fit of the "blues,"
Why, nothing can equal them.

So alter the name at once,
Lest discussion should wax hot;
And call the Gem Jam Jar, instead,
The James Preserving Pot.

But if folks are opposed to this,
As many doubtless are,
Then let the jar have its name in full, —
As the Jim Jem Gem Jam Jar.

O'BRANIGAN'S DRILL.

THE echoes of Sumter had thrilled through the land;
And Michael O'Branigan, born to command,
Obtained a commission. A word and a nod,
And his roster was filled with the sons of "the sod."
It is true that his knowledge of tactics was scant:
When he wished to "oblique," his command would be,
"Slant!"
But he knew the importance of practical skill;
And, marching his company out to a hill,
Proceeded with this introductory drill: —

"Attintion! Right driss! Be that token is meant
That aich of ye keeps his nixt neighbor fernint.
Shtand up like meself, an' look martial an' brave
Wid a souldierly bearin'! — Mulcahey, ye knave,
Don't ye offer to shtep from the ranks till ye've lave.

"Attintion! Fix bayonets! Jisht for the drill,
We will play that the foe is a-houldin' the hill.
Now, double-quick! Charge! An' I'll lade the way;
An' this is yer watchword — fwhat is it? Hooray!
Attintion! Ha — halt, till I come till me breath!
Give O'Branigan time, an' he'll lade ye till death!
Halt, Rafferty, Lafferty! Wait till I come!
Shtand shtill an' marrk time till the bate of the drum!
It isn't the rulable usage of war
To follow yer captain, unless he's before.

"Attintion! To prove to our foemen their folly,
We'll load up our rifles an' give them a volley;
An' to show how composed a bould souldier can shtand,
I will shtep to the front while I give the command.
Make ready! Take aim! Patsy, point your gun higher!
Don't shut the wrong eye whin ye're aimin' it. Fire!

"Oh! Murther! I'm kilt! — Sargint Murphy, ye brute,
Don't ye know, whin ye ounly blank cartridges shoot,
If yer ramrod ye happen to lave in yer gun
It's more deadly than forty-two bullets in one?
Jisht look at me hat, wid its horrible rint,
An' its iligant aigle to smithereens sint!
Ye're arrishted! Moind that, now! Ye'll pay for yer guilt!
I'd 'av' hung ye for murther, an I had been kilt.
Faix, ye're sargint, to-day, of the guard, Murphy! Whisht!
Go report till yersilf as put undher arrisht!"

So closed the first drill; but he proved, when the field
In the chaos of jarring artillery reeled,
That, to quote a plain soldier's description, "So far
As concerns the tough tussle and business of war,
O'Branigan's flannel-mouthed veterans were *there*."

W. W. Fink.

THE CONFESSION.

THERE'S something on my breast, father,
There's something on my breast!
The livelong day I sigh, father,
At night I cannot rest;

I cannot take my rest, father,
Though I would fain do so:
A weary weight oppresseth me,
A weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father,
Nor lack of worldly gear;
My lands are broad, and fair to see,
My friends are kind and dear,
My kin are leal and true, father,
They mourn to see my grief;
But oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Jennie's false, father,
'Tis not that she's unkind:
Though busy flatterers swarm around,
I know her constant mind.
'Tis not her coldness, now, father,
That chills my laboring breast, —
It's that *confounded* cucumber
I've ate, and can't digest!

REGULUS TO THE ROMAN SENATE.

Ill does it become *me*, O Senators of Rome! — ill does it become Regulus, — after having so often stood in this venerable assembly, clothed with the supreme dignity of the Republic, to stand before you a captive, — the captive of Carthage. Though outwardly I am free, though no fetters encumber the limbs or gall the flesh, yet the heaviest of chains — the pledge of a Roman consul — makes me the bondsman of the Carthaginians. They have my promise to return to them in the event of the failure of this their embassy. My life is at their mercy. My honor is my own, — a possession which no reverse of fortune can jeopard; a flame which imprisonment cannot stifle, time cannot dim, death cannot extinguish.

Of the train of disasters which followed close on the unexampled successes of our arms; of the bitter fate which swept off the flower of our soldiery, and consigned me, your

general, wounded and senseless, to Carthaginian keeping, — I will not speak. For five years a rigorous captivity has been my portion. For five years the society of family and friends, the dear amenities of home, the sense of freedom, and the sight of country, have been to me a recollection and a dream, no more. But during that period, Rome has retrieved her defeats. She has recovered under Metellus what under Regulus she lost. She has routed armies. She has taken unnumbered prisoners. She has struck terror to the hearts of the Carthaginians, who have now sent me hither with their ambassadors to sue for peace, and to propose, that, in exchange for me your former consul, a thousand common prisoners of war shall be given up. You have heard the ambassadors. Their intimations of some unimaginable horror — I know not what — impending over myself, should I fail to induce you to accept their terms, have strongly moved your sympathies in my behalf. Another appeal, which I would you might have been spared, has lent force to their suit. A wife and children, threatened with widowhood and orphanage, weeping and despairing, have knelt at your feet, on the very threshold of the Senate-chamber. Conscript Fathers! Shall not Regulus be saved? Must he return to Carthage to meet the cruelties which the ambassadors brandish before our eyes? With one voice you answer, "No!" Countrymen! Friends! For all that I have suffered, for all that I may have to suffer, I am repaid in the compensation of this moment. Unfortunate you may hold me; but, oh, not undeserving! Your confidence in my honor survives all the ruin that adverse fortune could inflict. You have not forgotten the past. Republics are not ungrateful. May the thanks I cannot utter bring down blessings from the gods on you and Rome!

Conscript Fathers! There is but one course to be pursued. Abandon all thought of peace! Reject the overtures of Carthage! Reject them wholly and unconditionally! What! give back to her a thousand able-bodied men, and receive in return this one attenuated, war-worn, fever-wasted frame, — this weed, whitened in a dungeon's darkness, pale and sapless, which no kindness of the sun, no softness of the summer breeze, can ever restore to health and vigor? It must not — it shall not be. Oh! were Regulus what he was once, before captivity had unstrung his sinews, and enervated his limbs, he might pause, he might proudly think

he were well worth a thousand of the foe; he might say, "Make the exchange! Rome shall not lose by it!" But now, — alas! now 'tis gone, — that impetuosity of strength, which could once make him a leader indeed, to penetrate a phalanx, or guide a pursuit. His very armor would be a burthen now. His battle-cry would be drowned in the din of the onset. His sword would fall harmless on his opponent's shield. But if he cannot *live*, he can at least *die*, for his country. Do not deny him this supreme consolation. Consider: every indignity, every torture, which Carthage shall heap on his dying hours, will be better than a trumpet's call to your armies. They will remember only Regulus, their fellow-soldier and their leader. They will forget his defeats: they will regard only his services to the Republic. Tunis, Sardinia, Sicily, — every well-fought field, won by *his* blood and *theirs*, — will flash on their remembrance, and kindle their avenging wrath. And so shall Regulus, though dead, fight as he never fought before against the foe.

Conscript Fathers! There is another theme. My family — forgive the thought. To you, and to Rome, I confide them. I leave them no legacy but my name, no testament but my example.

Ambassadors of Carthage! I have spoken, though not as you expected. I am your captive. Lead me back to whatever fate may await me. Doubt not that you shall find, to Roman hearts, country is dearer than life, and integrity more precious than freedom.

Epes Sargent.

ROLL-CALL.

"Corporal Green!" the orderly cried.
"Here!" was the answer loud and clear,
From the lips of the soldier who stood near;
And "Here!" was the word the next replied.

"Cyrus Drew!" then silence fell;
This time no answer followed the call:
Only his rear man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shades of night.

The fern on the hillsides was splashed with blood,
And down in the corn where the poppies grew
Were redder stains than the poppies knew,
And crimson dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side
That day, in the face of a murderous fire,
That swept them down in its terrible ire,
And their life-blood went to color the tide.

"Herbert Kline!" at the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Kline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!" and a voice answered, "Here!"
"Hiram Kerr!" but no man replied.
They were brothers, these two: the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the cornfield near.

"Ephraim Dean!" then a soldier spoke, —
"Dean carried our regiment's colors," he said:
"When our ensign was shot, I left him dead,
Just after the enemy wavered and broke.

"Close to the roadside his body lies.
I paused a moment, and gave him a drink:
He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And death came with it, and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory, but it cost us dear;
For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men that went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered, "Here!"

PLANTATION PROVERBS.

Yo' kin nebber cl'ar de fores' wid a common carbin' knife,
Nor expec' to make a liben courtin' ob yo' nabor's wife.

Dar's no shorter road to heaben dan to do de bes' we kin:
Dar's no surer way ob failin' dan to nebber try agin.

Yo' cayn't do a squar' day's cartin' if yo' stop yo' mule to wait
Fur de Lawd to sen' an angel jes' to open up de gate.

Nebber try to w'ar de slippers cut out fur yo' marster's feet,
Nor to keep yo'sel' fum starbin' watchin' ob yo' nabors eat.

It doan' need no words to tell yo' dat de bummer heah below
Makes a moughty scaly angel in dem raiments w'ite as snow;

Kase de bloated w'iskey figger doan' fit well in flyin' clo'es,
Nor de golden crown ob glory match a ripe ras'berry nose.

W'en a niggah leabs de dram-shops fur a pair ob wings on high,
He will fin' his biler empty an' de lager barr'ls dry;

An' his bloated tongue'll twist him inter many a queer mistake,
W'en de Captain ob dem angels axes ob him wot he'll take;

Kase he'll dun fo'got his bearin's, lookin' fur de chargin' slate,
As he tells de bressed Marster how he'll take his whiskey straight;

An' he'll make a free-lunch counter ob de awful judgme't seat,
Sarchin' 'mongst de pearls an' rubies fur sum switzer-kase to eat;

An' he'll rob de Marster's hen-roos' ob de freshes' golden egg,
Swoppin' ob it to de debbil for a swig ob tangle-leg;

An' he'll use his wings fur sailin' 'mongst dem birds of paradise,
Soakin' down dar brightes' fedders in de pawn-shops ob de skies;

An' he'll gib de golden songsters moughty small angelic peace,
Till de poultry am a lookin' like de Lawd had picked his geese.

Den de Lawd'll sen' dat niggah to a kin'dom dat is hot,
An' he'll take his bitters reg'lar fum de debbil's brimstun pot;

An' he'll know de horny debbils dat are trabellin' all erbout,
Kase he met dem in de jim-jams, jes' befo' his lamp went out.

J. Russell Fisher.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

"My Fred! I can't understand it,"
And his voice is quivering with pain,
While the tears kept slowly dropping
On his trembling hands like rain;
"For Fred was so brave and loyal,
So true! but my eyes are dim,
And I cannot read the letter,
The last I shall get from him.
Please read it, sir, while I listen.
In fancy I see him — dead;
My boy, shot down like a traitor, —
My noble, my brave boy, Fred!"

"Dear father," so ran the letter,
"To-morrow when twilight creeps
Along the hill to the churchyard,
O'er the grave where mother sleeps,
When the dusky shadows gather,
They'll lay your boy in his grave,
For nearly betraying the country
He would give his life to save.

And, father, I tell you truly,
With almost my latest breath,
That your boy is not a traitor,
Though he dies a traitor's death.

"You remember Bennie Wilson?
He's suffering a deal of pain;
He was only that day ordered
Back into the ranks again.
I carried all of his luggage
With mine, on the march that day;
I gave him my arm to lean on,
Else he had dropped by the way.
'Twas Bennie's turn to be sentry,
But I took his place, and I—
Father, I dropped asleep; and now
I must die as traitors die.

"The colonel is kind and thoughtful,
He has done the best he can,
And they will not bind or blind me—
I shall meet death like a man.
Kiss little Blossom; but, father,
Need you tell her how I fall?"
A sob from the shadowed corner:
Yes, Blossom had heard it all.
As she kissed the precious letter,
She said with faltering breath,—
"Our Fred was never a traitor,
Though he dies a traitor's death."

A little sun-brown maiden,
In a shabby, time-worn dress,
Took her seat a half-hour later
In the crowded night express.
The conductor heard her story
As he held her dimpled hand,
And sighed for the sad hearts breaking
All over the troubled land.
He tenderly wiped the tear-drops
From the blue eyes brimming o'er,
And guarded her footsteps safely
Till she reached the White House door.

The President sat at his writing;
But the eyes were kind and mild,
That turned with a look of wonder
On the little sky-faced child;
And he heard Fred's farewell letter
With a look of sad regret.
"'Tis a brave young life," he murmured,
And his country needs him yet.
From an honored place in battle
He shall bid the world good-by.
If that brave young life is needed,
He shall die as heroes die."

Rosa Hartwick Thorpe.

THE IRISH PHILOSOPHER.

Ladies and Gintlemen, — I see so many foine-lookin' people sittin' before me, that, if you'll excuse me, I'll be afther takin' a seat meself. You don't know me, I'm thinking, as some of yees 'ud be noddin' to me afore this. I'm a walkin' pedestrian, a travellin' philosopher. Terry O'Mulligan's me name. I'm from Dublin, where many philosophers before me was raised and bred. Oh, philosophy is a foine study! I don't know any thing about it, but it's a foine study! Before I *kim* over I attended an important meetin' of philosophers in Dublin; and the discussin' and talkin' you'd hear there about the world 'ud warm the very heart of Socrates or Aristotle himself. Well, there was a great many *imminent* and learned *min* there at the meetin', and I was there too; and while we was in the very thickest of a heated argument, one comes to me, and says he, "Do you know what we're talkin' about?" — "I do," says I, "but I don't understand yees." — "Could ye explain the sun's motion around the earth?" says he. "I could," says I, "but I'd not know could you understand or not." — "Well," says he, "we'll see," says he. Sure'n I didn't know any thing how to get out of it then, so I piled in; "for," says I to meself, "never let on to any one that you don't know any thing, but make them believe that you do know all about it." So says I to him, takin' up me shillelah this way (*holding a very crooked stick perpendicular*), "We'll take that

for the straight line of the earth's equator" — how's that for gehography? (*to the audience.*) Ah, that was straight till the other day I bent it in an argument. "Wery good," says he. "Well," says I, "now the sun rises in the east" (*placing the disengaged hand at the eastern end of the stick*). Well, he couldn't deny that. "And when he gets up, he

Darts his rosy beams — Through the mornin' gleams."

Do you moind the poetry there? (*to the audience, with a smile.*) "And he keeps on risin' and risin' till he reaches his meriden." — "What's that?" says he. "His dinner-toime," says I; "sure'n that's my Latin for dinner-toime; and when he gets his dinner

He sinks to rest — Behind the glorious hills of the west."

Oh, begorra, there's more poetry! I fale it creepin' out all over me. "There," says I, well satisfied with myself; "will that do for ye?" — "You haven't got done with him yet," says he. "Done with him!" says I, kinder mad like; "what more do you want me to do with him? Didn't I bring him from the east to the west? What more do you want?" — "Oh," says he, "you'll have to bring him back again to the east to rise next mornin'." By St. Patrick! and wasn't I near betrayin' me ignorance! Sure'n I thought there was a large family of suns, and they rise one after the other. But I gathered meself quick, and says I to him, "Well," says I, "I'm surprised you axed me that simple question; I thought any man ud know," says I, "when the sun sinks to rest in the west — when the sun" — says I. "You said that before," says he. "Well, I want to press it stronger upon you," says I. "When the sun sinks to rest in the east, — no, west, — why, he — why he waits till it grows dark, and then he goes *back in the noight-toime!*"

OLD DADDY TURNER.

THIS was the picture in front of "Old Daddy Turner's" cabin in the "Kaintuck" quarter the other afternoon: Two colored men sitting on a wash-bench, silent and sorrowful; an old dog sleeping in the sun at their feet; and a colored

woman calling to a boy who was on the fence, "Now, Jeems Henry, you git right down from dat! Doan' you know dat Daddy Turner am jist on de p'int of dyin' and gwine up to hebben?"

Here was the picture inside: The poor old white-headed man lying on his dying bed, flesh wasted away and strength departed. Near him sat his faithful old wife, rocking to and fro and moaning and grieving. Farther away was a colored man and woman, solemn-faced and sad-hearted, and shaking their heads as they cast glances toward the bed. For a long time the old man lay quiet and speechless, but at length he signed to be propped up. A sun as warm as spring-time poured into the room. He took notice of it, and a change came to his face as his eyes rested upon his grieving wife.

"Ize bin gwine back in my mind," he whispered, as he reached out his thin hand for her to clasp. "Fur ober fo'ty y'ars we's trabbled 'long de same path. We sarved de same songs, we prayed de same prayers; we had hold of han's when we 'lited in de gospel ranks, an' sot our faces to'rds de golden gates of hebben. Ole woman, Ize gwine to part wid you! Yes, Ize gwine ter leave yer all alone."

"O Daddy! Daddy!" she wailed as she leaned over him.

"Doan't take on so, chile! It's de Lawd's doin's, not mine. To-morrow de sun may be as bright an' warm, but de ole man won't be heah. All de arternoon Ize had glimpses of a shady path leadin' down to de shor' of a big broad ribber. Ize seen people gwine down dar to cross ober, an' in a leetle time I'll be wid 'em."

She put her wrinkled face on the pillow beside his, and sobbed; and he placed his hand on her head, and said,—

"It's de Lawd, chile,—de bressed Lawd! Chile, Ize tried to be good to yer. You has been good to me. We am nuffin but ole cull'd folks, po' in ebery ting, but tryin' to do right by ebery body. When dey tole me I'd got to die, I wasn't sartin if de Lawd wanted a po' ole black man like me up dar. Yes, chile, he will! Dis mawnin' I heard de harps playin', de rustle of wings, an' a cloud sorter lifted up, an' I got a cl'ar view right frew de pearly gates. I saw ole slaves an' nayburs dar, an' dey was jist as white as anybody; an' a hundred han's beckoned me to come right up dar 'mong em."

"Oh, Daddy! I'll be all alone—all alone!" she wailed.

"Hush, chile! Ize gwine to be lookin' down on ye. Ize

gwine to put my han' on yer head an' kiss ye when yer heart am big wid sorrow; an' when night shets down, an' you pray to de Lawd, I'll be kneelin' long side of ye. Ye won't see me, but I'll be wid ye. You's ole an' gray. It won't be long before ye'll git de summons. In a little time de cloud will lif' fur ye, an' I'll be right dar by de pearly gates to take ye in my arms."

"But I can't let you go; I will hold you down heah wid me!"

"Chile! Ize sorry for ye, but Ize drawin' nigh dat shady path. Hark! I kin h'ah de footsteps of de mighty parade of speerits marchin' down to de broad ribber! Dey will dig a grave, an' lay my ole bones dar, an' in a week all de world but you will forgit me. But doan' grieve, chile. De Lawd isn't gwine to shet de gates on me 'cause I'm ole an' po' an' black. I kin see dem shinin' way up dar — see our boy at de gate — h'ah de sweetest music dat angels kin play! Light de lamp, chile, 'cause de night has come!"

"Oh! he's gwine — he's gwine!" she wailed, as her tears fell upon his face.

"Chile! hold my han'! Ober heah am de path. I kin see men an' women an' chil'en marchin' 'long! Furder down am de sunlight. It shines on de great ribber. Ober de ribber am — de — gates — of" —

Of heaven! On earth, old and poor and low: beyond the gates, an angel with the rest. *Detroit Free Press.*

THE CLOUDS

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black

rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and every thing well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all: bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together: almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness; almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential. And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of

the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary: and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally; which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.

John Ruskin.

THE BAD BOY AT BREAKFAST.

"YES," said the boy, with a vacant look, "I take no interest in the pleasure of the chase any more, though I did have a little quiet fun this morning at the breakfast-table. You see, pa is the contrariest man ever was. If I complain that any thing at the table don't taste good, pa says it is all right. This morning I took the sirup-pitcher, and emptied out the white sirup, and put in some cod-liver oil that ma is taking for her cough. I put some on my pancakes, and pretended to taste of it; and I told pa the sirup was sour, and not fit to eat. Pa was mad in a second; and he poured out some on his pancakes, and said I was getting too confounded particular. He said the sirup was good enough for him; and he sopped his pancakes in it, and fired some down his neck. He is a gaul darned hypocrite — that's what he is. I could see by his face that the cod-liver oil was nearly killing him: but he said the sirup was all right, and if I didn't eat mine he'd break my neck; and, by gosh, I had to eat it; and pa he guessed he hadn't got much appetite, and would just drink a

cup of coffee and eat a doughnut. I like to died; and that, I think, makes this disappointment in love harder to bear. But I felt sorry for ma. Ma ain't got a very strong stummick; and when she got some of that cod-liver oil in her mouth she went up-stairs, sicker'n a horse, and pa had to help her, and she had nooralgia all the morning. I eat pickles to take the taste out of my mouth, and then I laid for the hired girls. They eat too much sirup, anyway; and when they got on to that cod-liver oil, and swallowed a lot of it, one of them, a Irish girl, she got up from the table, and put her hand on her corset, and said, 'Howly Moses!' and went out into the kitchen looking as pale as ma does when she has powder on her face; and the other girl, who is Dutch, she swallowed a pancake, and said, 'Mine Gott, vas de matter from me?' and she went out, and leaned on the coal-bin. Then they talked Irish and Dutch, and got clubs and started to look for me, and I thought I would come over here. The whole family is sick, but it is not from love, like my illness, and they will get over it, while I shall fill an early grave; but not till I have made that girl and the telegraph-messenger wish they were dead. Pa and I are going to Chicago next week, and I'll bet we'll have some fun. Pa says I need a change of air, and I think he is going to try to lose me. It's a cold day when I get left anywhere that I can't find my way back. Well, good-by, old potatoes."

Peck's Sun.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,

As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town, —
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed.
Hill rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls:
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed;
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire, —
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done — what to do — a glance told him both:
Then, striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas;
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray.
By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,

"I have brought you Sheridan, all the way
From Winchester down, to save the day."

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky, —
The American soldier's Temple of Fame, —
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away."

PROSPECTIVE.

SHE.

Well, here's summer come again,
And I hardly know
(Watering-places are such bores)
Where I'll have to go.

Saratoga? Balls and hops!
I've had enough, I guess.
I want to try some quiet place
Where I need not dress.

Lake George? Just the kind of place,
But mountains don't suit me.
Niagara? Why, I'm not a bride!
I guess I'll try the sea.

Newport? Really, quite too swell.
Atlantic? Far too slow.
Cape May? Couldn't think of that.
Mount Desert? Well — no.

Let's see! I spent last summer there.
Well, so it always ends.
Fred told me, when he went away,
We'd be the best of friends.

He said he might be there this year;
And, then, perhaps — but, no!
That really makes no odds to me.
I don't believe I'll go.

But still, the air is always cool,
The isle with rocks begirt;
And Fred's canoe — Yes, after all,
I'll go to Mount Desert.

HE.

Berkeley, Bowser, Ganot too,
Now Commencement's past,
Peaceful rest upon the shelves:
I'm A.B. at last.

This year will end vacation joys:
I wonder where to go,
To spend the time until the fall;
And, really, I don't know.

How'd a trip to Europe do?
I'd have to go alone!
California? Just the same.
I'll try around near home.

I don't much like all these "resorts:"
Only dress and flirt!
It bores a fellow most to death.
Let's see, now! Mount Desert?

I had a lark up there last year,
Paddling round with Bess.
I wonder if she'll be there now:
It couldn't be, unless —

Pshaw! What use to think of that?
Even if she were there,
She'd hardly — No, it's better not;
But if not, pray, then, where?

Nowhere is the air so fine.
  Then, there's my canoe:
I wish she were of Rushton's build,
  Still there's room for two.

I'll cruise all day about the rocks,
  Rigged in flannel shirt,
Pipe in mouth: well, yes, I think
  I'll go to Mount Desert.

Chaff.

THE NINE SUITORS.

A British ship at anchor lay
  In the harbor of New York:
The stevedores were packing her
  With Yankee beef and pork.
Nine slim young men went up the plank,
  And they were tall and good;
But none of them had ever loved,
  They said they never would.
    But whether they wouldn't,
    Or whether they couldn't,
    Or their mothers said they shouldn't,
  The world will never know.

The passengers were all on board:
  The vessel got up steam,
And floated down the river, like
  The — ah — something of a dream.
A pretty girl came up on deck,
  And near the railing stood:
She never loved a fellow-man,
  And said she never would.
    But whether she couldn't,
    Or whether she wouldn't,
    Or her father said she shouldn't,
  The world will never know.

The nine young men stood in a row,
Each trying not to stare:
The lady looked embarrassed, and
They offered her a chair.
The nine young swells were very rich,
And it was understood
That each of them could marry
Whatever girl he would.
But whether he couldn't,
Or whether he wouldn't,
Or the lady said he shouldn't,
The world will never know.

So things went on as usual.
The weather soon grew thick,
The nine young men were gallant,
The pretty girl was sick;
She certainly was charming,
When they brought her dainty food:
"I'd eat it all, now, really
And truly, if I could."
But whether she couldn't,
Or whether she wouldn't,
Or her stomach said she shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The nine young men came up on deck,
Each in his Sunday clothes,
And went abaft the wheel-house,
In order to propose.
The lady had no preference,
But said that, if she could,
She'd marry every one of them,
But it wasn't any good.
But whether she couldn't,
Or whether she wouldn't,
Or that custom said she shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The lady asked the captain how
She ever should decide.
Said he, "The love of those young men
Should certainly be tried."

So, when they all were present,
She fell into the sea;
And eight of them jumped after her,
The ninth — oh! where was he?
Now whether he couldn't (jump),
Or whether he wouldn't (swim),
Or the captain said he shouldn't (try),
The world will never know.

Once fairly out of the water, she
Went up to him, and said,
"Dear sir, you are a solid man,
And have a level head;
So, without further parley,
Or hint of a pretence,
I agree to marry you, sir,
For you have common sense."
So her father said he couldn't,
And her mother said she wouldn't,
And the captain said he shouldn't, —
Refuse to give consent.

From "Over the Summer Sea."

CHARITY: A PROBLEM.

A WHITE-FACED girl on a doorstep —
A doorstep down a slum —
Nursing a tiny baby,
Hungry and cold and numb.
Nellie, "the little mother,"
Sat wondering what to do
In a world where foes are many,
And friends, alas! so few.

Her face was the face of twenty, —
For poverty ages fast, —
But just fifteen were the winters
That Nellie could count as past;
And the little ragged bundle
She was rocking to and fro
Had uttered its first faint whimper
Only a year ago.

Nell and the babe were sisters,
And they were "the family" now:
For mother had got into trouble
All through a drunken row, —
A drunken row with father
At the flaring gin-palace bar;
She'd teased him, they'd had a quarrel,
And she'd gone a bit too far.

She picked up a thick quart-measure,
And flung it with all her force
At the head of her lord and master:
His head had altered its course,
And sent it off at a tangent,
And it broke a mirror. Alas!
It wasn't the head that mattered,
But the beautiful thick plate-glass.

For heads, you know, can be mended;
But glass when it's smashed is lost:
Nell's parents were only hawkers,
So how could they pay the cost?
They'd to pay as the poor folks have to, —
In person, and not with purse:
Nell's mother was sent to prison,
And her father's head grew worse.

The hospital held the father,
And in prison the mother lay;
And Nell was left with the baby,
And the rent of the room to pay, —
One small room in an alley,
But all that they had was there;
You'd laugh at the household treasures,
The bed and table and chair.

You laugh at the rags and rubbish
The dregs of the alley prize;
But if you know their story
The tears come into your eyes.
If you know the years of struggle
The poor little "home" has seen,
You know what the "sticks" and "rubbish"
To the one-roomed outcasts mean.

So Nellie said to the baby,
As it lay in her lap at night, —
They slept alone in the garret, —
She said, with a touch of spite,
"We *won't* go into the workhouse,
And no one shall turn us out;
But we'll keep the room for father
Till he's well and again about.

"And mother shall come from prison,
And see how we managed to keep
The poor little home together:
We won't sit down and weep;
But we'll work, and earn the money
That'll keep us and pay the rent!"
So said the brave little Nellie,
As over the baby she bent.

But the winter was cold and cruel,
And the work was hard to get;
Then the baby grew weak and ailing,
And peevish and prone to fret;
And many a night poor Nellie
Went famished and cold to bed,
For the landlord took the money
She wanted for coals and bread.

She worked at home in the garret
From morning till late at night,
Till trouble and toil together
Had broken her down outright,
And her strength waxed faint and fainter,
And her brain began to reel;
Then she asked for time from the landlord,
And he laughed at the girl's appeal.

She owed him a month already —
He'd let it stand too long;
She'd better go to the workhouse —
He saw she was far from strong.
"She couldn't go on a-working,
So how'd she pay the rent?
He'd take the 'sticks' for the balance:"
Then he turned on his heel and went.

Was this the end of her scheming?
To lose the "home" at last!
Her father was getting better,
They said he was mending fast.
Her mother would soon be coming
Out of the cruel jail:
Had she fought so hard with the billows,
In sight of the land to fail?

She had heard of some kindly people
Who help in the nick of time:
She would go, and would tell her story, —
She would beg, for it wasn't a crime.
She found out a splendid office
Where the agents of Dives sit;
And, when she had told her story,
The brow of the chief was knit.

"Your mother was drunk: she's in prison.
Does your father belong to a club?
Of course not — ah! drunk and thriftless.
We'd help you, but there's the rub:
We can't encourage the vicious.
Your mother gets drunk, you see;
And your father has been imprudent,
Or else in a club he'd be.

"You had better go to the workhouse —
There, there! come, dry your eyes:
The result of giving you money
Would be to pauperize.
We should only be paying the landlord
The rent that your parents owe:
One's drunk, and the other's thriftless,
So that wouldn't do, you know."

So Nellie went back to the alley
With a look of blank despair,
And cast herself down on the doorstep,
Too tired to mount a stair.
She thought of her long, hard struggle,
And what she had hoped might be,
And the tears rained down on the baby
She nursed on her trembling knee.

'Twas a slum, where the thief and wanton
Herd with the poor who toil, —
A place where the worst of vices
Wax fat on the filthy soil;
And loafer and thief and wanton,
Hanging about the place,
Took note of the big tears rolling
Down Nellie's poor pinched face.

They made her tell her story;
And, as she sobbed it out,
The blasphemous lips were silent,
And wanton and thief and lout
Muttered a word of pity,
With a terrible oath or two;
And a big, broad, brazen woman
Turned round to the listening crew, —

And, in words to make one shudder,
Said, "The wench is a little brick,
And I'll see the landlord somewhere
Before he shall touch a stick!"
And she seized the cap of a fellow,
And, flinging it on the ground,
Bade them "chuck in their blessed coppers,"
And her voice in a cheer was drowned.

So thief and wanton and loafer,
Moved by the tale of woe,
Made up the rent for Nellie;
And the woman, bending low,
Whispered her not to trouble,
For that week at a "pub" they'd hold
A Friendly Lead. And they did it,
And brought her a piece of gold.

Drunken and thriftless people,
With little themselves to spare,
They heard of a case of trouble,
And they helped it then and there.
They kept the girl and the baby,
And they paid the weekly rent,
Till back from the hospital, better,
The father at last was sent.

And father and mother together
Heard, when in time they met,
The tale of Nell and their neighbors;
And they swore to pay the debt.
They thought of their girl's brave story,
And it turned the tide of their lives:
The man grew a frugal husband,
And the woman the best of wives.

They were saved by the poor and vicious,
When Dives had turned away:
Which charity, think you, brother,
Was the truer one that day,—
The "science" of wealthy Christians,
With its pauperizing qualms,
Or the "heart" of the heathen outcasts
Flinging their careless alms?

George R. Sims.

THE KING AND THE SNAKE.

In an ancient city, whose walls are dust,
There reigned a king who was called the Just.
The light of his eyes was quenched in night,
But the eye of his mind was keen and bright.
A bell was hung, by the monarch's grace,
In a tower that fronted the market-place,
So lightly poised that a young child's hand
Might set it swinging to wake the land.
Whoever was wronged this bell might ring,
And he should have justice of the king.

Many a day, in sun and shower,
The bell hung silent up in the tower;
For the blind king's rule was firm and strong,
And few in his kingdom suffered wrong.
So moss grew green on the belfry stair,
And the birds of the air resorted there;
And creeping creatures, great and small,
Dwelt in the clefts of the ivied wall.

But a wavering peal rang out one day
From the rusty bell in the belfry gray;
And the king commanded, "Go and see
Who now is wronged, and hath need of me."
His servants laughed as they came from their quest:
"A toad has stolen a serpent's nest;
And it is the serpent, strange to tell,
Which, wreathed in the bell-rope, rings the bell.
Shall we kill her, then, that the din may cease,
And let your majesty rest in peace?"
"Nay," said the king: "let the toad be slain,
And give the serpent her nest again."

That night, as the king in his palace slept,
Into his chamber a serpent crept.
Softly she glided over the floor,
And a marvellous stone in her mouth she bore;
No wisest jeweller on the earth
Could have told its name, or guessed its worth.
It lighted the depths of the king's dark room
As the moon illumines the midnight's gloom.
Up to his pillow she wound her way,
Where deep asleep on his couch he lay;
She touched his eyes with the stone she bore,
And the king received his sight once more.
Then she slipped away; and he woke, alone,
In a room made bright by the luminous stone.

The gem was brought by the grateful king
To the fane of the gods for an offering.
It shone in the shades of the temple old
Like one great pearl in a sea-cave cold;
Like one white rock in a darksome pass,
Like one white flower in a black morass;
Like the one clear star on a cloudy morn,
When the night is dead and the day unborn.
And long they guarded the serpent-stone,
Till the last of the good king's race was gone.
Then, they say, it vanished away,
And no man vieweth its like to-day.

SCENE FROM "THE IRON CHEST."

CHARACTERS.

WILFORD. SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.

Sir E. Wilford, approach me. What am I to say
For aiming at your life? Do you not scorn me,
Despise me for it?
Wilf. I! Oh, sir!
Sir E. You must;
For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch!
Wilf. Indeed, indeed, sir,
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equal's love,
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,
All follow you; and I — I owe you all.
I am most bound to bless you.
Sir E. Mark me, Wilford:
I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected;
I feel, to merit these, and to obtain them,
Is to taste here below that thrilling cordial
Which the remunerating angel draws
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessed souls that enter heaven.
I feel this, — I! How must my nature, then,
Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand
In human blood! and yet, it seems, this day
I sought your life. Oh! I have suffered madness!
None know my tortures, — pangs! But I can end them, —
End them as far as appertains to thee.
I have resolved it. Fearful struggles tear me:
But I have pondered on't, and I must trust thee.
Wilf. Your confidence shall not be —
Sir E. You must swear.
Wilf. Swear, sir! Will nothing but an oath, then —
Sir E. Listen.
May all the ills that wait on frail humanity
Be doubled on your head, if you disclose
My fatal secret! May your body turn
Most lazar-like and loathsome; and your mind
More loathsome than your body! May those fiends,
Who strangle babes for very wantonness,

Shrink back and shudder at your monstrous crimes,
And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth,
And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind
Poison your aged days! while all your nights,
As on the earth you lay your houseless head,
Out-horror horror! May you quit the world
Abhorred, self-hated, hopeless for the next,
Your life a burden, and your death a fear!

Wilf. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me!

Sir E. Hope this may fall upon thee: swear thou hopest it,
By every attribute which heaven or earth
Can lend, to bind and strengthen conjuration,
If thou betrayest me.

Wilf. Well, I — (*hesitating.*)

Sir E. No retreating.

Wilf. (*after a pause*). I swear by all the ties that bind a man,
Divine or human, — never to divulge!

Sir E. Remember, you have sought this secret: yes,
Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.
'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.
Know, Wilford, that — O torture!

Wilf. Dearest sir,
Collect yourself. This shakes you horribly:
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,
At Madam Helen's.

Sir E. There it is! Her uncle —

Wilf. Her uncle!

Sir E. Him. She knows it not: none know it.
You are the first ordained to hear me say,
I am — his murderer!

Wilf. Oh, horror!

Sir E. His assassin.

Wilf. What! you that — mur — the murderer! I am choked!

Sir E. Honor! thou blood-stained god! at whose red altar
Sit war and homicide, oh, to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries! In truth,
In the world's range, there does not breathe a man
Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe

With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,
Stained me. Oh, death and shame! the world looked on,
And saw this sinewy savage strike me down,
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro
On the base earth like carrion. Desperation,
In every fibre of my brain, cried vengeance!
I left the room which he had quitted. Chance
(Curse on the chance!), while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street.
I stabbed him to the heart, and my oppressor
Rolled lifeless at my feet.

Wilf. Oh! mercy on me!
How could this deed be covered?

Sir E. Would you think it?
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
Butchered a fellow-creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,
And my opponent's death thus linked with it,
Demanded notice of the magistracy.
They summoned me, as friend would summon friend,
To act of import and communication.
We met; and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumor,
To put me on my trial. No accuser,
No evidence appeared, to urge it on:
'Twas meant to clear my fame. How clear it, then?
How cover it? you say. Why, by a lie, —
Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,
Which Truth once made her throne, to forge a lie;
This tongue, to utter it; rounded a tale,
Smooth as a seraph's song from Satan's mouth;
So well compacted that the o'erthronged court
Disturbed cool Justice in her judgment-seat,
By shouting "Innocence!" Ere I had finished,
The court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble
Bore me in triumph home. Ay! look upon me.
I know thy sight aches at me.

Wilf. Heaven forgive you! It may be wrong —
Indeed I pity you.

Sir E. I disdain all pity.
I ask no consolation. Idle boy!
Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
Was given to move thy pity? Love of fame

(For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus
To quash thy curious mischief in its birth.
Hurt honor, in an evil, cursed hour,
Drove me to murder — lying; 'twould again!
My honesty, sweet peace of mind, all, all,
Are bartered for a name. I will maintain it.
Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
And my soul's agency survive in death,
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
Should strike the blaster of my memory
Dead in the churchyard. Boy, I would not kill thee:
Thy rashness and discernment threatened danger!
To check them, there was no way left but this, —
Save one, your death: you shall not be my victim.

Wilf. My death! What! take my life? My life to prop
This empty honor?

Sir E. Empty? Grovelling fool!

Wilf. I am your servant, sir, child of your bounty,
And know my obligation. I have been
Too curious, haply: 'tis the fault of youth.
I ne'er meant injury. If it would serve you,
I would lay down my life; I'd give it freely:
Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it?
You could not — should not.

Sir E. How!

Wilf. You dare not.

Sir E. Dare not?

Wilf. Some hours ago you durst not. Passion moved you:
Reflection interposed, and held your arm.
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
My innocence would give me strength to struggle,
And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.
How would you look to find a peasant boy
Return the knife you levelled at his heart;
And ask you which in heaven would show the best,
A rich man's honor, or a poor man's honesty?

WHY NO SCOTCHMEN GO TO HEAVEN.

Long years ago, in time so remote that history does not fix the epoch, a dreadful war was waged by the king of Scotland. Scottish valor prevailed; and the king of Scotland, elated by success, sent for his prime minister.

"Weel, Sandy," said he, "is there ne'er a king we canna conquer noo?"

"An it please your majesty, I ken o' a king that your majesty canna vanquish."

"An' who is he, Sandy?"

The prime minister, reverently looking up, said, "The King o' heaven."

"The king of whaur, Sandy?"

"The King o' heaven."

The Scottish king did not understand, but was unwilling to exhibit any ignorance.

"Just gang your ways, Sandy, and tell King o' heaven to gi'e up his dominions, or I'll come mysel' and ding him oot o' them; and mind you, Sandy, you dinna come back to us until ye ha'e dune oor biddin'."

The prime minister retired much perplexed, but met a priest, and, re-assured, returned and presented himself.

"Weel, Sandy," said the king, "ha'e ye seen the King o' heaven? and what says he to our biddin'?"

"An it please your majesty, I ha'e seen one o' his accredited ministers."

"Weel, and what says he?"

"He says your majesty may e'en ha'e his kingdom for the axin' o' it."

"Was he sae civil?" asked the king, warming to magnanimity. "Just gang your ways back, Sandy, an' tell the King o' heaven that for his civility the de'il a Scotchman shall set foot in his kingdom."

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

Chained in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name;

All stern of look, and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground;
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought;
He was a captive now:
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore
Showed warrior true and brave:
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to the conqueror he spake:
"My brother is a king.
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold-dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain:
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price that nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior-chief, and bade
To shred his locks away;
And one by one each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long;
And, closely hidden there,
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crispèd hair.

"Look! feast thy greedy eyes with gold,
Long kept for sorest need:
Take it, — thou askest sums untold, —
And say that I am freed.
Take it! my wife, the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa-tree;
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold: but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong;
And ween that by the cocoa-shade
Thy wife will wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame, to hear;
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken, crazed his brain,
At once his eye grew wild!
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered, and wept, and smiled:
Yet wore not long those fatal bands;
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands.
The foul hyena's prey.

Bryant.

THE JUDGE'S SEARCH FOR A WATER-FALL.

Judge Blank of Maine was once on a circuit at Portland, and, having a few days to spare before the term of the court closed, occupied the time in looking up objects of interest in the vicinity. He had heard of a romantic cascade in the neighborhood, and was inquiring its locality of the hotel clerk, when a green-looking countryman standing by volunteered the information in this wise: —

"Say, I can tell the judge all about that 'ere cascade, for I live close by it."

The judge turned to him, and, expressing his thanks, desired to be informed how he might reach the place.

"Easiest thing in the world, judge," replied the man. "It ain't a great way out on the Saco turnpike. You go out — wa'all, I guess about four mile, till you come to a cross-road, and then you turn off to the left. You keep along, say half a mile, till you come to a pastur' lane where there's a pair o' bars. If you let 'em down, mind you put 'em up, 'cause the owner is mighty pertickler about his cattle. You keep along, say forty rods, till you come to another pair o' bars, — mind and put them up too, — then you foller up that road till you come to a hill; you kind o' circle round that till you come to another sort o' crooked path that crosses a road; take the right hand, turn and go down the holler; foller up the hill till you come to a by-path that leads you round the mounting; that brings you into the main road that leads you right up to old Illsley's barn."

"How shall I know Illsley's barn if I ever arrive there?" asked the judge.

"How'll you know Illsley's barn? Why, it's right opposite his house."

"But how will I know Illsley's house?"

"His house? Of course you'll see Illsley round there."

"But how shall I *know* it is Illsley?"

"Sure, judge, you can't make a mistake about *Illsley:* you'll know him by his yaller nankeen trousers."

"Nankeen trousers! Does he always wear nankeen trousers?"

"In course he does, judge. Why, you see the way on't was this: There was a man down here to Portland that owed Illsley considerable, and couldn't pay. So Illsley he levied on him, and attached six cases o' yaller nankeen he had in his store; and them he took for the debt, and carr'd them home. Well, Miss Illsley she was so darned mad that she told the old man he'd got to wear out the stuff in trousers, — that was about seven year ago, — and Illsley he's been wearing nankeen trousers ever since: one pair in summer, two pair in fall and spring, and about half a dozen pair in winter. Judge, you'll laugh till you split if you only see old Illsley in them trousers! Miss Illsley she ain't much of a tailoress; and she makes 'em narrer at the bottom, and puckered up where they go round him, so that he looks jest like a demijohn bottom up. Seems to me as ef I should bust every time I see him!"

"Well, well!" exclaimed the judge, with some impatience, "if I ever find Illsley, what then? How about the cascade?"

"*Cascade*, judge?" replied the informant. "You are the particularest man I ever see. *I should think old Illsley was cur'osity enough for one day, anyway, and arter you've seen him you'll forget all about the cascade!*"

Harper's Magazine.

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA BROWN.

THOUGH I met her in the summer, when one's heart lies round at ease,
As it were in tennis costume, and a man's not hard to please;
Yet I think, at any season to have met her was to love,
While her tones, unspoiled, unstudied, had the softness of the dove.

At request she read us poems in a nook among the pines,
And her artless voice lent music to the least melodious lines;
Though she lowered her shadowy lashes, in an earnest reader's wise,
Yet we caught blue gracious glimpses of the heavens within her eyes.

As in paradise I listened. Ah! I did not understand
That a little cloud, no larger than the average human hand,
Might, as stated oft in fiction, spread into a sable pall,
When she said that she should study elocution in the fall.

I admit her earliest efforts were not in the Erdes vein.
She began with, "Lit-tle Maaybel, with her faayce against the paayne,
And the beacon light a-trrremble,"—which, although it made me wince,
Is a thing of cheerful nature to the things she's rendered since.

Having learned the Soulful Quiver, she acquired the Melting Mo-o-an,
And the way she gave "Young Grayhead" would have liquefied a stone.
Then the Sanguinary Tragic did her energies employ,
And she tore my taste to tatters when she slew "The Polish Boy."

It's not pleasant for a fellow when the jewel of his soul
Wades through slaughter on the carpet, while her orbs in
frenzy roll.
What was I, that I should murmur? Yet it gave me griev-
ous pain,
That she rose in social gatherings, and Searched among the
Slain.

I was forced to look upon her, in my desperation dumb,
Knowing well that when her awful opportunity was come
She would give us battle, murder, sudden death at very
least,
As a skeleton of warning, and a blight upon the feast.

Once, ah! once I fell a-dreaming: some one played a polo-
naise
I associated strongly with those happier August days;
And I mused, "I'll speak this evening," recent pangs for-
gotten quite.
Sudden shrilled a scream of anguish, "Curfew shall not
ring to-night!"

Ah! that sound was as a curfew, quenching rosy, warm
romance:
Were it safe to wed a woman one so oft would wish in
France?
Oh! as she "cull-imbed" that ladder, swift my mounting
hope came down.
I am still a single cynic: she is still Cassandra Brown!

Coroebus Green.

THE DEACON'S PRAYER.

In the regular evening meeting
That the church holds every week,
One night a listening angel sat
To hear them pray and speak.

It puzzled the soul of the angel,
Why some to that gathering came;
But sick and sinful hearts he saw,
With grief and guilt aflame.

They were silent, but said to the angel,
"Our lives have need of Him!"
While doubt, with dull, vague, throbbing pain,
Stirred through their spirits dim.

You could see 'twas the regular meeting,
And the regular seats were filled;
And all knew who would pray and talk,
Though any one might that willed.

From his place in front, near the pulpit,
In his long-accustomed way,
When the Book was read, and the hymn was sung,
The deacon arose to pray.

First came the long preamble—
If Peter had opened so,
He had been, ere the Lord his prayer had heard,
Full fifty fathoms below.

Then a volume of information
Poured forth, as if to the Lord,
Concerning his ways and attributes,
And the things by him abhorred;

But not in the list of the latter
Was mentioned the mocking breath
Of the hypocrite-prayer that is not prayer,
And the make-believe life in death.

Then he prayed for the church, and the pastor,
And that "souls might be his hire"
(Whatever his stipend otherwise),
And the Sunday-school, and the choir;

And the swarming hordes of India,
And the perishing, vile Chinese,
And the millions who bow to the Pope of Rome,
And the pagan churches of Greece;

And the outcast remnants of Judah,
Of whose guilt he had much to tell:
He prayed, or he told the Lord he prayed,
For every thing out of hell.

Now, if all that burden had really
Been weighing upon his soul,
'Twould have sunk him through to the China side,
And raised a hill o'er the hole.

. . . . . .

'Twas the regular evening meeting,
And the regular prayers were made;
But the listening angel told the Lord
That *only the silent prayed.*

IN THE FLOODS.

Do I mind the days o' the famous floods? Ay, laddie, indeed I do:
I was a little one then, you know, not nearly so big as you;
Mother and I were living alone, for father was out at sea.
'Twas a dreary time for her, I guess, but happy enough for me.

Night by night, when I'd say my prayers, she'd always join in the last:
"Take care of dear father, dearest Lord, as thou hast in days gone past."
And then I'd lie dozing in my cot, a-watching her sew her seam,
Till her form would melt away, and change to an angel's in my dream.

Then came a season of pouring rain, with skies as dull as lead;
There was water below and water round, and water overhead;
And the neighbors and mother whispered low, what I could not understand;
But they seemed to fear some danger near, if the sea o'erflowed the land.

But I only crept to my mother's breast, and said as I pulled her gown,
"Won't the sea bring daddy the nearer home, to the very heart o' the town?"

And she told my notion, and sighed, and smiled, "It is well
to be little Jim,
With fancies like that in place of fears for property, life,
and limb!"

But at last we woke in the darkling morn with a gurgle
round the bed:
It was deadly cold, and a star looked in through the lattice
at our head.
Up rose my mother with silent speed; but e'en ere she got
a light,
We knew that what they had feared so much had come to
pass in the night.

"Where is my father?" was all my cry, as I clung to
mother's arm.
(The water lapped cold about my feet, but I had not a thought
of harm.)
"Child, we must open the door," she said, and her eyes
looked strong and wild;
And the light of the dawn rushed in along with a shout for
"wife and child."

A boat was coming towards our house, and 'twas father who
stood to steer:
His ship had come with a favoring wind (I can hear the
sailors' cheer);
They came among us with stalwart arms, and saved many
lives ere night;
And the women kissed me with wondering words, and made
me a hero quite.

*'Tis strange how often I've noticed since that the cheery words
come true,—*
*One can't do better than breathe a hope when there's naught else
one can do.*
*And it seems a parable to me,—that dawn with its chill and
doubt,*
Its starlit pane, and its opening door, and the father's face without!

Isabella F. Mayo, in Sunday at Home.

NOT TO BE WON THAT WAY.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the Hand above, —
A woman's heart and a woman's life
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might have asked for a toy, —
Demanding what others have tried to win,
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out,
Manlike you have questioned me:
Now stand at the bar of a woman's soul
Until I have questioned thee.

You require your dinner should always be hot,
Your socks and your shirts should be whole:
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef:
I require a far better thing.
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts:
I want a man and a king, —

A king for the beautiful realm called home;
A man that the Maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade
From the soft young cheeks one day:
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep,
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true,
All things that a man should be:
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire with little to pay;
But a woman's heart and a woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

THE OLD PURITAN DIVINES.

In your presence I greet with my warmest admiration, I salute with my profound reverence, the old Puritan divines of New England, who had a scorn for all base uses of life, who were true to duty as they saw it, who had convictions for which they would kill or die, who formed their characters and guided their lives by the law of righteousness in human conduct. To these men, under God, we largely owe our liberties and our laws in this land. I take off my hat to his ghost, and salute him as greater than he who has taken a city; for the Puritan divine conquered himself. He was an Isaac, not an Ishmael; he was a Jacob, not an Esau; a God-born man who knew what his soul did wear. Great man he was, hard, stern, and intolerant. Yes, but what would you have, gentlemen? The Puritan was not a pretty head carved on a cherry-stone, but a Colossus cut from the rock, huge, grim, but awe-inspiring, fortifying to the soul if not warming to the heart.

Well, would he know you to-night, I wonder, his own sons, if he came in upon you now in circumstances so different and with manners and customs so changed? Would he gaze at you with sad, sad eyes, and weep over you as the degenerate sons of the noble sires? No, no: you are worthy, I think. The sons will keep what the fathers won. After all, you are still one with the Puritan in all essential things. You clasp hands with him in devotion to the same principle, in obedience to the same God. True, the man between doublet and skin plays many parts; fashions come and go, never long the same: but, "clothe me as you will, I am Sancho Panza still." So you are Puritans still. Back of your Unitarian-

ism, back of your Episcopalianism, back of your Transcendentalism, back of all your isms, conceits, vagaries, — and there is no end to them, — back of them all, there beats in you the Puritan heart. Blood will tell. Scratch a child of sweetness and light on Beacon Hill to-day, and you find a Puritan. Scratch your Emerson, your Bellows, your Lowell, your Longfellow, your Wendell Phillips, your Phillips Brooks, and you find the Puritan. In intellectual conclusions vastly different; in heart, at bottom, you're all one in love of liberty, in fear of God, contempt for shams, and scorn of all things base and mean.

So, ye ghosts of old Puritan divines, ye cannot look down on your sons to-night with sad and reproachful eyes. For the sons have not wasted what the fathers gained, nor failed in any critical emergency, nor yet forsaken the God ye feared so well, though they have modified your creed. Gentlemen, I cannot think that the blood has run out. Exchange your evening dress for the belted tunic and cloak; take off the silk hat, and put on the wide brim and the steeple-crown: and lo! I see the Puritan. And twenty years ago I heard him speak, and saw him act. "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Why, Warren in old Boston did not act more promptly, or do a finer thing. Well, what moved in your splendid Dix, when he gave that order? The spirit of the old Puritan. And I saw the sons of the sires act. Who reddened the streets of Baltimore with the first Union blood? Massachusetts. Who to-day are the first to rally to the side of a good cause on trial in the community? Who are still first in colleges and letters in this land? Who, East or West, advocate justice, redress wrongs, maintain equal rights, support churches, love liberty, and thrive where others starve? Why, these ubiquitous sons of the Puritans, of course, who dine me to-night. Gentlemen, I salute you. "If I were not Miltiades, I would be Themistocles:" if I were not a Scotch-Irishman, I would be a Puritan. — *Rev. John R. Paxton, D.D., at the New-England dinner, New York.*

DOT DELEPHONE.

"I GUESS I haf to gif up my delephone already," said an old citizen yesterday, as he entered the office of the company with a very long face.

"Why, what's the matter now?"

"Oh, everyting! I got de delephone in mine house so as I could shpeak mit der poys in der saloon down town, and mit my relations in Springville; but I haf to give it up. I nefer haf so much droubles."

"How?"

"Vell, my poy Shon, in der saloon, he rings der pell, and calls opp, und says an old frient of mine vants to see how she vorks. Dot ish all right. I says, 'Hello!' und he say, 'Shtand back a leetle closer.' I shtand back closer, und helloes again. Den he says, 'Shtand a leetle off.' I shtand back a leetle off, und yells unce more; und he say, 'Shpeak louder!' I yells louder. It goes dat vhay ten minutes; und den he says, 'Go to Texas, you old Dutchman!' You see?"

"Yes."

"And den mine brudder in Springville, he rings der pells und calls me oop, und says how I vas dis efenings. I says I vhas feeling like some colts; und he says, 'Who vants to puy some goats?' I says, 'Colts! colts! colts!' Und he answers, 'Oh, coats! I thought you said goats.' Ven I goes to ask him of he feels petter, I hears a voice crying oudt, 'Vot Dutchmans is dot on dis line, enyhow?' Den somepody answers, 'I don't know, but I likes to punch his headt.' You see?"

"Yes."

"Vhell, somedimes my vife vhants to shpeak mit me ven I am down in der saloon. She rings mine pell, und I says, 'Hello!' Nopody shpeaks to me. She rings again, und I says, 'Hello!' like dunder. Den der central office tells me to go aheads, und den tells me holdt on, und den tells mine vife dot I am gone avay. I yells oudt, 'Dot is not so;' und somepody says, 'How can I talk if dot old Dutchmans doan' keep shtill?' You see?"

"Yes."

"Und ven I go in de bedt at night, somepody rings der pell like der house vas on fire; und ven I shumps oudt, und says, 'Hello!' I hear somepody saying, 'Kaiser, doan't you vhant to puy a dog?' I vants no dog; und ven I tells 'em so, I hear some peoples laughing, 'Haw! haw! haw!' You see?"

"Yes."

"Vell, you dake it oudt, dat ish all vhat it ish; und ven

somepody likes to shpeak mit me dey shall coom right avay by mine saloon. Oof mine brudder ish sick, he shall got petter. Und oof somepody vhants to puy a dog, apout two glock de morning, let him yust coom vere I can tole him somedings, dat ish all."

PADDY'S EXCELSIOR.

'Twas growing dark so terrible fasht,
Whin through a town up the mountain there pashed
A broth of a boy, to his neck in the shnow:
As he walked, his shillelah he swung to and fro,
Saying, "It's up to the top I'm bound for to go,
Be jabbers!"

He looked mortial sad, and his eyes was as bright
As a fire of turf on a cowld winther night;
And divil a word that he said could ye tell
As he opened his mouth and let out a yell,—
"It's up till the top of the mountain I'll go,
Oniess covered up wid this bodthersome shnow,
Be jabbers!"

Through the windows he saw, as he thravelled along,
The light of the candles and fires so warm:
But a big chunk of ice hung over his head;
Wid a shnivel and groan, "By St. Patrick!" he said,
"It's up to the very *tip-top* I will rush,
And then if it falls it's not meself it'll crush,
Be jabbers!"

"Whisht a bit," said an owld man whose head was as white
As the shnow that fell down on that miserable night:
"Shure, ye'll fall in the wather, me bit of a lad;
For the night is so dark, and the walkin' is bad."
Bedad! he'd not lisht to a word that was said,
But he'd go till the top if he went on his head,
Be jabbers!

A bright, buxom young girl, such as likes to be kissed,
Axed him wadn't he stop, and how *could* he resist?

So, shnapping his fingers and winking his eye,
While shmiling upon her, he made this reply: —
"Faith, I meant to kape on till I got to the top,
But as yer shwate self has axed me, I may as well shtop.
Be jabbers!"

He shtopped all night and he shtopped all day,
And ye mustn't be axing whin he *did* go away;
Fur wouldn't he be a bastely gossoon
To be lavin his darlint in the swate honeymoon?
Whin the owld man has peraties enough and to spare,
Shure he moight as well shtay if he's comfortable there,
Be jabbers!

Harper's Magazine.

DRIFT.

I HAD sworn to be a bachelor, she had sworn to be a maid;
For we both agreed in a-doubting whether matrimony paid.
Besides, I had my higher aims, for science filled my heart;
And she said her young affections were all wound up in art.
So we laughed at those wise men who say friendship cannot live
'Twixt man and woman, unless each has something else to give.
We would be friends, and friends as true as e'er were man and man, —
I'd be a second David, and she Miss Jonathan.
We liked each other, that was all, and quite enough to say;
So we just shook hands upon it in a business sort of way.
We shared our sorrows and our joys; together hoped and feared;
With common purpose sought the goal which young ambition reared;
We dreamed together of the days, the dream-bright days to come;
We were strictly confidential, and called each other "chum."
And many a day we wandered together o'er the hills, —
I seeking bugs and butterflies, and she the ruined mills
And rustic bridges and the like, which picture-makers prize,
To run in with their waterfalls and groves and sunny skies;

And many a quiet evening, in hours of full release,
We floated down the river, or loafed beneath the trees,
And talked in long gradation, from the poets to the weather,
While the summer skies and my cigar burned slowly out together.
But through it all no whispered word, or telltale look or sigh,
Told aught of warmer sentiment than friendly sympathy:
We talked of love as coldly as we talked of nebulæ,
And thought no more of being one than we did of being three.
"Well, good-by, old fellow"—I took her hand, for the time had come to go.
My going meant our parting, when to meet we did not know.
I had lingered long, and said farewell with a very heavy heart;
For though we were but friends, you know, 'tis hard for friends to part.
"Well, good-by, old fellow. Don't forget your friends across the sea;
And some days, when you've lots of time, just drop a line to me."
The words came lightly, gayly, but a great sob just behind
Rose upward with a story of quite a different kind;
And then she raised her eyes to mine,—great liquid eyes of blue,
Full to the brim and running o'er, like a violet cup with dew.
One long, long look, and then I did what I never did before:
Perhaps the tear meant friendship, but I think the kiss meant more.

John Cecil.

A NEW-STYLE POEM.

THE night has come, but not too soon;
Westward the star of empire takes its way:
Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon!
Blue spirits and white, black spirits and gray.

Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
Old Casper's work was done;
Piping on hollow reeds to his pent sheep,
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!

There was a sound of revelry by night,
On Linden when the sun was low:
A voice replied, far up the height,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

What if a little rain should say,
I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
Ah! well-a-day!
Woodman, spare that tree!

My heart leaps up with joy to see
A primrose by the water's brim;
Zaccheus he did climb the tree;
Few of our youth could cope with him.

The prayer of Ajax was for light,
The light that never was on sea or shore.
Pudding and beef make Britons fight,
Nevermore!

Under a spreading chestnut-tree,
For hours thegither sat
I and my Annabel Lee:
A man's a man for a' that.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
In thunder, lightning, or in rain,
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
The child is father to the man:
Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
They can conquer who believe they can.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream;
Whatever is, is right;
And things are not what they seem;
My native land, good-night!

O'CONNELL AS AN ORATOR.

I HAVE no time to speak of his marvellous success at the bar; of that profound skill in the law which enabled him to conduct such an agitation, always on the verge of illegality and violence, without once subjecting himself or his followers to legal penalty, — an agitation under a code of which Brougham said, "No Catholic could lift his hand under it without breaking the law." I have no time to speak of his still more remarkable success in the House of Commons. Of Flood's failure there, Grattan had said, "He was an oak of the forest, too old and too great to be transplanted at fifty." Grattan's own success there was but moderate. The power O'Connell wielded against varied, bitter, and unscrupulous opposition, was marvellous. I have no time to speak of his personal independence, his deliberate courage, moral and physical, his unspotted private character, his unfailing hope, the versatility of his talent, his power of tireless work, his ingenuity and boundless resource, his matchless self-possession in every emergency, his ready and inexhaustible wit. But any reference to O'Connell that omitted his eloquence would be painting Wellington in the House of Lords without mention of Torres Vedras or Waterloo.

Broadly considered, his eloquence has never been equalled in modern times, certainly not in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginia slaveholder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed, "This is the man, these are the lips the most eloquent that speak English in my day." I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. It has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean. But I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equalled, O'Connell. Nature intended him for our Demosthenes. Never, since the great Greek, has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, mass-

ive like that of Jupiter. Webster himself hardly outdid him in the majesty of his proportions. To be sure, he had not Webster's craggy face, and precipice of brow, nor his eyes glowing like anthracite coal; nor had he the lion roar of Mirabeau. But his presence filled the eye. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all. These physical advantages are half the battle. I remember Russell Lowell telling us that Mr. Webster came home from Washington at the time the Whig party thought of dissolution, a year or two before his death, and went down to Faneuil Hall to protest. Drawing himself up to his loftiest proportion, his brow clothed with thunder, before the listening thousands, he said, "Well, gentlemen, I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a Faneuil-hall Whig, a Revolutionary Whig, a Constitutional Whig. If you break the Whig party, sir, where am I to go?" And says Lowell, "We held our breath, thinking where he *could* go. If he had been five feet three, we should have said, 'Who cares where you go?'" So it was with O'Connell. There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke; and he added to it what Webster had not, what Clay might have lent, — grace. Lithe as a boy at seventy, every attitude a picture, every gesture a grace, he was still all nature: nothing but nature seemed to speak all over him. Then, he had a voice that covered the gamut. The majesty of his indignation, fitly uttered in tones of superhuman power, made him able to "indict" a nation, in spite of Burke's protest.

I heard him once say, "I send my voice across the Atlantic, careering like the thunder-storm against the breeze, to tell the slaveholder of the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot, and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking." You seemed to hear the tones come echoing back to London from the Rocky Mountains. Then, with the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a story, while all Exeter Hall shook with laughter. The next moment, tears in his voice like a Scotch song, five thousand men wept. And all the while no effort. He seemed only breathing, —

> "As effortless as woodland nooks
> Send violets up, and paint them blue."

We used to say of Webster, "This is a great effort;" of Everett, "It is a beautiful effort." But you never used the

word "effort" in speaking of O'Connell. It provoked you that he would not make an effort. And this wonderful power, it was not a thunder-storm: he flanked you with his wit, he surprised you out of yourself; you were conquered before you knew it. His marvellous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness, Bulwer has well described: —

"Once to my sight that giant form was given,
Walled by wide air, and roofed by boundless heaven.
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay,
And wave on wave rolled into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
Even to the centre of the hosts around;
And, as I thought, rose the sonorous swell,
As from some church-tower swings the silvery bell.
Aloft and clear, from airy tide to tide
It glided, easy as a bird may glide.
Even to the verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went:
Now stirred the uproar, now the murmur stilled,
And sobs or laughter answered as it willed."

Wendell Phillips.

THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

NEEDY knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches.

Weary knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, "Knives and
Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me, knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read "The Rights of Man," by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.
Only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in
A pot of beer if you will give me sixpence;
But, for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee hanged first.
Wretch! whom no sense of wrongs can move to vengeance!
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

[*Kicks the* KNIFE-GRINDER, *overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.*]

George Canning.

LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE.

"I was born in Indiany," said a stranger lank and slim,
As us fellers in the restaurant was kind o' guyin' him,
And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another pun'kin pie
And a extra cup o' coffee, with a twinkle in his eye, —
"I was born in Indiany, more'n forty year ago;
And I hain't been back in twenty, and I'm workin' back'ards slow;

"But I've et in every restarunt 'twixt here and Santa Fee,
And I want to state, this coffee tastes like gittin' home to me!
"Pour us out another, daddy," says the feller, warmin' up,
A-speakin' 'crost a saucerful, as uncle tuck his cup.
"When I seed yer sign out yender," he went on to uncle Jake, —
"'Come in and git some coffee like your mother used to make,' —
I thought of my old mother and the Posey-county farm,
And me a little kid agin', a-hangin' on her arm;
And she set the pot a-bilin', broke the eggs, and poured 'em in" —
And the feller kind o' halted with a trimble in his chin.
And uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee back, and stood
As solemn, for a minute, as a undertaker would.

Then he sort o' turned, and tiptoed to'rds the kitchen-door; and next,
Here comes his old wife out with him, a-rubbin' of her specs;
And she rushes for the stranger, and she hollers out, "It's him!
Thank God, we've met him comin'! Don't you know your mother, Jim?"
And the feller, as he grabbed her, says, "You bet I hain't forgot."
But, wipin' of his eyes, says he, "Your coffee's mighty hot."

James Whitcomb Riley, in New-York Mercury.

A SOCIETY PLAY.

I.

Act First. — The scene, Long Branch in June.
The beach, soft music, crescent moon;
A hero — noble Englishman;
A heroine — American;
Flirtation, kindred spirits, bliss;
Eyes meet, impassioned words, a kiss;
"Be mine!" — "I will," and all is done.
The curtain falls upon Act One.

II.

Act Second. — Scene, New York in fall.
A doubt, "Is he a lord at all?"
Kind friends to gossiping inclined;
Stern parents of inquiring mind;
Suspicion, accusation, rage;
Heroics, sobbing, pacing stage;
"I go, but I'll return to you!"
The curtain falls upon Act Two.

III.

Act Third. — A lapse of several years,
While English hero disappears.
Despairing damsel, grief untold;
Admirer bald, obese, and old;
A declaration, tears unpent;
Persuasion, ultimate consent;
They wed. A note from o'er the sea —
A swoon. The curtain on Act Three.

IV.

Act Fourth. — Of years another lapse.
A widow, blonde, in *crêpe* and caps;
More tears, uncertainty, and doubt;
A start, a step, a voice without;
"'Tis he!" applause, which all expect;
Hair tinged with gray — done for effect;
Embrace, re-union, both adore.
The curtain falls upon Act Four.

ADVANCED THOUGHT.

Men don't believe in the Devil now, as their fathers used to do:
They've forced the door of the broadest creed, to let his Majesty through.
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his brow,
To be found on earth or in air to-day; for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And loads the bier of each passing hour with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pit for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of Time, wherever God sows his wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and, of course, the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told that he doesn't go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in Church, and home, and State, to earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make their bow, and show
How the frauds and crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the Devil's gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on?

THE CHARGE BY THE FORD.

Eighty and nine with their captain
Rode on the enemy's track,—
Rode in the gray of the morning:
Nine of the ninety came back.

Slow rose the mist from the river,
Lighter each moment the way;
Careless and tearless and fearless,
Galloped they on to the fray.

Singing in tune, how the scabbard
Loud on the stirrup-irons rang,
Clinked as the men rose in saddle,
Fell as they sank with a clang!

What is it moves by the river,
Faded and weary and weak?
Gray-backs, a cross on their banner:
Yonder the foe whom they seek.

Silence! They see not, they hear not,
Tarrying there by the marge:
Forward! Draw sabre! Trot! Gallop!
Charge like a hurricane! Charge!

Ah! 'twas a man-trap infernal:
Fire like the deep pit of hell!
Volley on volley to meet them,
Mixed with the gray rebels' yell.

Ninety had ridden to battle,
Tracing the enemy's track;
Ninety had ridden to battle,
Nine of the ninety came back.

Honor the nine of the ninety,
Honor the heroes who came
Scathless from nine hundred muskets,
Safe from the lead-bearing flame.

Eighty and one of the troopers
Lie on the field of the slain,—
Lie on the red field of honor:
Honor the nine who remain.

Cold are the dead there, and gory,
There where their life-blood was spilt:
Back come the living, each sabre
Red from the point to the hilt.

Give them three cheers and a tiger!
Let the flags wave as they come!
Give them the blare of the trumpet!
Give them the roll of the drum!

ORATORY OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

THE keynote to the oratory of Wendell Phillips lay in this: that it was essentially conversational, — the conversational raised to its highest power. Perhaps no orator ever spoke with so little apparent effort, or began so entirely on the plane of his average hearers. It was as if he simply repeated, in a little louder tone, what he had just been saying to some familiar friend at his elbow. The effect was absolutely disarming. Those accustomed to spread-eagle eloquence felt, perhaps, a slight sense of disappointment. Could this quiet, easy, effortless man be Wendell Phillips? But he held them by his very quietness: it did not seem to have occurred to him to doubt his power to hold them. The poise of his manly figure, the easy grace of his attitude, the thrilling modulation of his perfectly trained voice, the dignity of his gesture, the keen penetration of his eye, all aided to keep his hearers in hand. The colloquialism was never relaxed, but it was familiarity without loss of keeping. When he said "isn't" and "wasn't," — or even, like an Englishman, dropped his g's, and said "bein'" and "doin'," — it did not seem inelegant: he might almost have been ungrammatical, and it would not have impaired the fine air of the man. Then, as the argument went on, the voice grew deeper, the action more animated, and the sentences would come in a long, sonorous swell, still easy and graceful, but powerful as the soft stretching of a tiger's paw. He could be terse as Carlyle, or his periods could be as prolonged and cumulative as those of Choate or Evarts: no matter; they carried, in either case, the same charm. He was surpassed by Garrison in grave moral logic; by Parker, in the grasp of facts, and in merciless sarcasm; by Sumner, in copiousness of illustration; by Douglass, in humor and in pathos: but, after all, in the perfect moulding of the orator, he surpassed not merely each of these, but all of them combined. What the Revolutionary orators would now seem to

us, we cannot tell: but it is pretty certain, that of all our post-Revolutionary speakers, save Webster only, Wendell Phillips stood at the head; while he and Webster represented types of oratory so essentially different that any comparison between them is like trying to compare an oak-tree and a pine.

He was not moody or variable, or did not seem so: yet he always approached the hour of speaking with a certain reluctance, and never could quite sympathize with the desire to listen either to him or to any one else. As he walked toward the lecture-room he would say to a friend, "Why do people go to lectures? There is a respectable man and woman: they must have a good home; why do they leave it for the sake of hearing somebody talk?" This was not affectation, but the fatigue of playing too long on one string. Just before coming on a platform at a convention, he would remark with absolute sincerity, "I have absolutely nothing to say;" and then would go on to make, especially if hissed or interrupted, one of his very best speeches. Nothing spurred him like opposition; and it was not an unknown thing for one of his young admirers to take a back seat in the hall, in order to stimulate him by a counterfeited hiss if the meeting seemed tame. Then the unsuspecting orator would rouse himself like a lion. When this opposition came not from friends but foes, it was peculiarly beneficial; and perhaps the greatest oratorical triumph he ever accomplished was on that occasion in Faneuil Hall (Jan. 30, 1852), when it was re-opened to the abolitionists after the capture of the slave Thomas Sims. Mr. Webster's friends were there in force, and drowned Mr. Phillips's voice by repeated cheers for their favorite; when Mr. Phillips so turned the laugh against them each time, in the intervals when they paused for breath, that their cheers grew fainter and fainter, and he had at last mobbed the mob.

T. W. Higginson.

HOW HE WON HER.

As the lonely twilight hour
  Wrapped the world in silent gloom,
And the sombre, ghostly shadows
  Hovered duskly round the room,

Where a maiden and her lover
Sat in close communion sweet,
Listening to their rapid heart-beats,
Wishing time were not so fleet;

"Darling," whispered he so softly,—
She drew closer just to hear,—
"I have loved you long and fondly:
Won't you be my true wife, dear?
I'll be good, and stop bad habits,
Give up drinking, smoke no more."
Still she sat, unmoved and rigid,
With her eyes cast on the floor.

"I will leave off chewing, darling,"—
Unrelenting still she sat,—
"Join the church, and live a Christian:
Now, my dearest, think of that!"
But she pressed her lips together,
Shook her head, and answered not;
And the silence was unbroken,
Save by sighs with sadness fraught.

Desperate now, he wildly uttered,—
"I will give a diamond ring
As a seal to our engagement,
If your heart to me you'll bring."
Then she raised her drooping optics,
Laid her head upon his breast,
As all tremblingly she murmured,
"O my darling, I am blest!"

And there they sat, and sat, in silence
In the soft dark arms of night,
'Till that nurse of our great planet
Had enfolded them from sight,
Pondering, planning, thinking, dreaming,—
She, about the diamond ring;
He, of how on earth he ever
Was to get the plaguey thing.

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.

My brave associates — partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule: we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate: we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress; where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes: they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride! They offer us their protection: yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs, covering and devouring them! They call upon us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change, and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

R. B. Sheridan.

PAT'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

I DHREAMED I wint to hivin one night,
And knocked at the big white gate,
And the good St. Peter he opened it,
But he towld me I'd have to wait
While he looked for me name in the howly book;
And whin he had found it there,
He bade me come in, though he towld me plain
That min comin' that way was rare.

I axed him how was business now;
And he twirled the golden kay,
And answered he had very little to do,
So few ever came that way.
So I shtopped a bit to chat wid him,
And I axed could I took around:
He said, "Oh, yes! as ye've once got in,
Yer free to the whole uv the ground.

"Free to walk by the river uv life,
To rist in the mansions of light,
To shtand in the timple not made by hands,
Wid the sunbhurst uv glory bright."
I seen the apostles a-mindin' their nets,
And I axed what need uv um now;
And the howliest light shone round about
Each howly apostle's brow
As they answered, "Our nets must be strong indeed,
To draw min's souls away
From the bogs of doubt they are clingin' in,
To the light uv perfect day."

I saw the martyrs of olden time,
The saints and angels fair,
And millions and millions uv young spalpeens
All playing together there;
And Mary the Mother wid love in her eyes
Looked down on each little child;
And the blessed Teacher was teachin' them,
So gentle and undefiled.

But away in a corner I heard a noise:
I thought 'twas a bit uv a row;
So I loosed my shillelah. "Begorra!" says I,
"If it's fightin' I'll jest show um how."
But whin I dhrew nearer I heard them shpake,
And they was a-tellin' aloud
The story of Joseph the carpenter,
To a listenin' bit of a crowd.

Now, Joseph, it seems, was a good-natured sowl,
And what he was towld he believed;
And many's the frind, on his recommind,
By Peter had been received.

But Peter at last found this wouldn't do:
So he towld to the carpenter Joe
That no more frinds in his recommind
Inside the gate should go.

Then what does Joseph the carpenter do,
But, bein' so deft at his trade,
He wint to work wid hammer and plane,
And a long, shtrong ladder he made;
And thrusting it out of window high,
'Fore they knowed what he was about,
He was snakin' his frinds by the dozens in,
And that was what made the rout.

And Paul the preacher, the earnest heart,
Had found out what was goin' on;
And he was tellin' the story strange
To Matthew, Mark, and John.
And Peter the doorkaper left his place,
And drew near and listened too;
And he waxed very wroth. "Now, Joseph," says he,
"I've had too much trouble wid you.

"Let me hear no more of these wicked pranks,
Or we'll have a council of war,
And see if there's no makin' you
Abide by the common law.
We will have you cast out as an inemy,—
The dhragon was long ago,—
And then you must wander a thousand years
In darkness and death, you know."

Now, Joseph the carpenter bowed, and said,
"Is it turnin' me out, ye mane?
Shure I'll go at once, if you think it best,
And niver a word I'll complain;
But a man has a right to his family."
Here he winked his eye and shmiled.
"And 'twould break up your whole institution, shure,
If I took my wife and her Child."

And all the apostles took up their nets,
And silently walked away;
And Peter moved off scratchin' his ear
Wid the end uv the golden kay;
And Joseph the carpenter whistled a tune.
I thought 'twas a bit of a joke,
But I feared to laugh, so I made up my mind
'Twas all a dhrame — and I woke.

UNKNOWN.

I GAZED on the babe at its mother's breast,
And asked for the secret of life and rest:
It turned with a smile that was sad and lone,
And murmured in dreaming, "Unknown, unknown."

I challenged the youth so bold and so brave,
To tell me the tale of the lonely grave:
But he sung of pleasure in musical tone;
And his echoing voice replied, "Unknown, unknown."

Then I questioned the gray-haired man of years,
Whose face was furrowed with thought and tears;
And he paused in his race, to simply groan
The soul-chilling words, "Unknown, unknown."

I asked the lover, the poet, the sage,
In every clime and every age,
To tell me the truth, and candidly own
If, after death, it's all Unknown, unknown.

I soared like the lark to the boundless sky,
Sighed in my soul for the how and the why.
The angels were singing, and just had flown:
I heard but the echo, "Unknown, unknown."

I read in the hills, and saw in the rocks,
A lesson that told of the earthquake shocks.
I gazed at the stars, from a mountain cone;
But they only answered, "Unknown, unknown."

Thus am I tortured by fear and by doubts
In tracing the way, where so many routes
Are ever in view, but quickly are flown,
And all that I know is, "Unknown, unknown."

At last I determined to surely find
All hope and all bliss in my mystic mind;
But just as sweet peace came to soothe me alone,
The cold witch of doubt shrieked, "Unknown, unknown!"

The sun and the moon, the winds and the wave,
May perish in time, and sink to the grave;
The temples of earth shall fade, stone by stone,
And mortals still wail out, "Unknown, unknown."

The millions of earth that battle to-day
Are but a handful to those passed away;
The future is countless; men from each zone
Shall flourish and die in the far-off Unknown.

We come like the dewdrops, and go like the mist,
As frail as a leaf by autumn winds kissed;
Fading away like the roses of June,
Wishing and waiting to meet the Unknown.

Nature, O Nature! thy God I adore:
There's light in thy realm, I ask for no more.
From the seed to the fruit all things are grown,
Yet, while we know this, the cause is unknown.

When matter and mind are perished and lost,
And all that we see into chaos is tossed,
From nothing to nothing, we pass out alone
Like a plash or an echo, "Unknown, unknown."

John A. Joyce.

LITTLE JESSE JAMES.

WELL, dear boys, — you who like to read about robbers and robberies, who enjoy stories of daring rides to escape the officers of justice, of bold attacks upon travellers on lonely

roads, who are filled with admiration for a man who carries a small arsenal at his belt, and is ready to murder any fellow-creature who will not consent to be robbed with meekness, — you had a week or two of charming reading, did you not, while the newspapers were telling you about Jesse James the Missouri outlaw, — about his death, shot down like a dog by one of his band who wanted the reward offered to his murderer by the State? There was no need to open the dime novels, was there? for there was nothing in them so wicked as the wickedness of his life, nothing so dramatic as his death.

Consider how beautiful it was, Jimmy, and Jackey, and Tommy, and all the rest of you who pore over the dime novels and story-papers! Jesse James was thirty-six years old when he died. It is a fatal age for great men, they say. You all know the poet who passed away at thirty-six, leaving behind him that noble "A man's a man for a' that," the tender beauty of "Ye banks and braes and streams around the castle of Montgomerie;" leaving, too, that noble "Cotter," so full of charity and true manliness; and also songs that shall be sung as long as our language lasts. You all know of him; and you also know of the painter who laid down brush and pencil at thirty-six, having given to the world pictures so exquisite, so holy in idea, that they have helped thousands to think good thoughts and to live good lives, and will always hold mankind under their strong but beneficent sway. Was it not a beautiful coincidence that Jesse James should die at the same age as they? Why, Burns at fourteen was obeying his father, living his honest peasant's life, and perhaps dreaming of his poems; and Raphael was studying his art with Perugino, with visions of the beautiful Madonnas that he was yet to paint, floating before his youthful eyes. But little Jesse James, at fourteen, boldly went and asked to be admitted to a band of robbers; and when told that he was too young, he soon showed that he was not, by rendering valuable services to them, and in a year had become so accomplished and brilliant in his profession, that in one fight he shot thirty-six men. Nay, he even grew to be so brave that he could stand and hand pistols to another man, that he might shoot down thirty-two sick soldiers one after another. Did you ever hear of any thing so beautiful as that in a boy of fifteen? But he went on improving, and actually became so daring, that, with a

rifle in his hand and half a dozen revolvers and a bowie-knife in his belt, and leaving a dozen men in the street to fire at any one who approached, he would go into a bank, and order the cashier to give him all the money, and shoot him if he did not, or even if he did, sometimes. He was not afraid to board a railway-train crowded with men, women, and children, and to force them to give him all their money, provided he had arms enough and companions enough to back him.

And he led a life so gay, so bold, so adventurous, that it is really delightful to read about it! Why, at one time, after he had been chased out of a town in which he had killed an unaccommodating bank-cashier for not opening a safe-lock for him, he was pursued nearly five hundred miles. Some of his men were shot, his brother was wounded, and another man was so badly hurt that the blood from his wounds dripped along the road. You think that brave Jesse took tender care of his comrade, eh? The brutal, sickening truth is, that he wanted to kill him lest his pursuers should follow up the trail made by the blood; and he would have done it, had not the man's brother declared that he would shoot him if he did. And then Jesse and his brother rode off by themselves; and the other men, who choose to stay by their wounded companion, were all captured, simply because they would not accept Jesse's counsel.

At the end of Jesse James's twenty-two years of robbery and murder, do you think that he was rich? Do you suppose that his wife and children are to live in plenty on the spoils that he won from true men? How much money do you think that he had when he died? Millions, thousands? Between $700 and $800! Why, an honest, hard-working mechanic, taking plenty of amusement as he goes through life, laying up something for his old age, and giving something in charity, would be ashamed not to have a larger sum than that after twenty-two years of toil. Our Tender knows more than one servant who has more money to show for infinitely less work than Jesse James performed. Do you ask what became of all that he stole? It is estimated that in fourteen years he and his band took, at different times, money and property worth $256,000! Where did it go? Well, in the first place, $256,000 for fourteen years is only $18,285 for one year. And Jesse was not alone in his work: he had twenty-eight companions, so that his share was less

than $650 a year; and, granting that he took a larger share than the rest, it can hardly have amounted to more than $1,000 a year. Would you consider that sum sufficient payment for nights in which you had not a moment of safe rest, days in which you dared not move without your pistols, for hardship of every kind, for the lack of a home, for the total loss of trust and friendship? Should you not think the way of the transgressor was hard indeed if you found yourself receiving those wages for that life, even if you did not have to commit murder and theft in order to earn them? Should you see any romance, or pleasure, or luxury, in such a career?

And think of the awful end of it all! Nothing like the pretty story-books in that last scene! The robber is shot down by one of his own band, the very first moment that he lays his arms aside. There is no time for repentance, or for making any of the gallant speeches to be found in the books, — no time for any thing before the life passes away from the strong body, and nobody to weep but a few women! Think that this end, or something almost as bad, has been that of nearly all James's companions. Two are in the penitentiary for ninety-nine years; three, for twenty-five years; others, for fourteen years; one or two, Jesse killed himself; others have been shot by the officers of justice, others by citizens to whom they refused to yield themselves. Two are living, besides the brothers who shot James: one of these killed one companion, and betrayed another, to secure his liberty; and the other is Frank James, Jesse's brother, and he is lame for life, and a price is set upon his head. This is the end of men who rob and steal for $650 a year. Do you, or do you not, think that honesty is the best policy? It is not an ennobling line of argument, but it is quite as lofty as any thing in the dime novels and the story-papers. If you have ever been tempted by them, you will not find this prosaic statement of the case too low for your consideration; and you would better think it over carefully before you cease to try to be honest and good and brave, and decide to be a robber. *G. Hamlen.*

(*From "Chats," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.*)

SCENE FROM "SWEETHEARTS."

CHARACTERS.

SIR HENRY SPREADBROW, age 51. MISS JENNY NORTHCOTT, age 48.

Enter SIR HENRY.

Spread. I couldn't make up my mind to pass the old house without framing an excuse to take a peep at it. (*Looks round.*) Very nice, very pretty — but, dear me, on a very much smaller scale than I fancied. Remarkable changes in thirty years! (*Rises, and walks round tree, looking about and finishing his speech down stage,* L.C.) Why, the place is a town, and a railway runs right through it. And this is really the old garden in which I spent so many pleasant hours? Poor little Jenny! I wonder what's become of her? Pretty little girl, but with a tendency to stoutness; if she's alive, I'll be bound she's fat. So this is Mr. Braybrook's, is it? I wonder who Braybrook is; I don't remember any family of that name hereabouts. (*Looking off.*) This, I suppose, is Mrs. Braybrook. Now, how in the world am I to account for my visit?

(*Enter* JENNY: *she courtesies formally, he bows.*)

I beg your pardon, I hardly know how to explain this intrusion. Perhaps I had better state my facts: they will plead my apology. I am an old Indian civilian, who, having returned to England after many years' absence, is whiling away a day in his native place, and amusing himself with polishing old memories, bright enough once, but sadly tarnished — sadly tarnished!

Jenny. Indeed? May I hope that you have succeeded?

Spread. Indifferently well — indifferently well. The fact is, I hardly know where I am, for all my old landmarks are swept away: I assure you I am within the mark when I say that this house is positively the only place I can identify.

Jenny. The town has increased very rapidly of late.

Spread. Rapidly! When I left, there were not twenty houses in the place; but (*politely*) that was long before your time. I left a village, I find a town; I left a beadle, I find a mayor and corporation; I left a pump, I find a statue to a borough-member. The inn is a "Palace Hotel Company;" the almshouse, a county jail; the pound is a police-station,

and the common a colony of semi-detached bungalows! Every thing changed, including myself; every thing new except myself — ha, ha!

Jenny. I shall be glad to offer you any assistance in my power. I should be a good guide, for I have lived here thirty-two years.

Spread. Thirty-two years! is it possible? Then, surely I ought to know you. (*He feels for his glasses.*) My name is Spreadbrow, — Sir Henry Spreadbrow.

Jenny. Spreadbrow! (*Putting on spectacles.*) Is it possible? Why, my very dear old friend (*offering both her hands*), don't you recollect me?

Spread. (*He puts on his double eye-glass, takes both her hands.*) God bless me! is it possible! and this is really you! You don't say so! Dear me, dear me! Well, well, well! I assure you I am delighted, most unaffectedly delighted, to renew our friendship. (*Shaking hands again; they sit under tree,* C.; *look at each other curiously.*)

Spread. (L.) Not changed a bit! My dear Jane, you really must allow me. (*They shake hands again.*) And now tell me, how is Mr. Braybrook?

Jenny (R., *rather surprised*). Oh! Mr. Braybrook is very well. I expect him home presently. He will be very glad to see you, for he has often heard me speak of you.

Spread. Has he indeed? It will give me the greatest, the very greatest possible pleasure, believe me (*very emphatically*), to make his acquaintance.

Jenny (*still surprised at his emphatic manner*). I'm sure he will be delighted.

Spread. Now tell me all about yourself. Any family?

Jenny (*puzzled*). I beg your pardon?

Spread. Any family?

Jenny. Mr. Braybrook?

Spread. Well — yes —

Jenny. Mr. Braybrook is a bachelor.

Spread. A bachelor? Then, let me understand — am I not speaking to Mrs. Braybrook?

Jenny. No, indeed you are not! Ha, ha! (*much amused*) Mr. Braybrook is my nephew: the place belongs to him now.

Spread. Oh! Then, my dear Jane, may I ask who you are?

Jenny. I am not married.

Spread. Not married!

Jenny. No: I keep house for my nephew.

Spread. Why, you don't mean to sit there and look me in the face and tell me, after thirty years, that you are still Jane Northbrook?

Jenny (*rather hurt at the mistake*). Northcott.

Spread. Northcott, of course. I beg your pardon — I should have said Northcott. And you are not Mrs. Braybrook? You are not even married! Why, what were they about, — what were they about? Not married! Well, now, do you know, I am very sorry to hear that. I am really more sorry and disappointed than I can tell you. (*She looks surprised and rather hurt.*) You'd have made an admirable wife, Jane, and an admirable mother. I can't tell you how sorry I am to find that you are still Jane Northbrook — I should say, Northcott.

Jenny. The same in name — much changed in every thing else (*sighing*).

Spread. Changed? Not a bit — I won't hear of it. I knew you the moment I saw you. We are neither of us changed. Mellowed, perhaps, — a little mellowed, but what of that? Who shall say that the blossom is pleasanter to look upon than the fruit? Not I for one, Jane, — not I for one.

Jenny. Time has dealt very kindly with us; but we're old folks now, Henry Spreadbrow. (*Rise and go down a little,* R.)

Spread. I won't allow it, Jane, — I won't hear it. (*Rise.*) What constitutes youth? A head of hair? Not at all: I was as bald as an egg at five and twenty; babies are always bald. Eyesight? Some people are born blind. Years? Years are an arbitrary impertinence. Am I an old man, or you an old woman, because the earth contrives to hurry round the sun in three hundred and sixty-five days? Why, Saturn can't do it in thirty years. If I had been born on Saturn, I should be two years old, ma'am, — a public nuisance in petticoats. Let us be thankful that I was not born on Saturn. No, no, as long as I can ride to cover twice a week, walk my five and twenty miles without turning a hair, go to bed at twelve, get up at six, turn into a cold tub, and like it, I'm a boy, Jane, — a boy, — a boy!

Jenny. And you are still unmarried?

Spread. I? Oh, dear! yes: very much so. No time to think of marriage. Plenty of opportunity, mind, but no

leisure to avail myself of it. I've had a bustling time of it, I assure you, Jane, working hard at the bar and on the bench, with some success, — with some success; (*sits again*) and, now that I've done my work, I throw myself back in my easy-chair, fold my hands, cross my legs, and prepare to enjoy myself. Life is before me, and I'm going to begin it. Ha, ha! And so we are really Jane Northcott still?

Jenny. Still Jane Northcott.

Spread. I'm indignant to hear it: I assure you that I am positively indignant to hear it. You would have made some fellow so infernally happy: (*rise*) I'm sorry for that fellow's sake. I don't know him, but still I am sorry. Ah! I wish I had remained in England. I do wish, for the very first time since I left it, that I had remained in England.

Jenny. Indeed! And why?

Spread. Why? Because I should have done my best to remove that reproach from society. I should indeed, Jane. Ha, ha! After all, it don't much matter; for you wouldn't have had me. Oh, yes! you had no idea of it; but, do you know, I've a great mind to tell you, — I *will* tell you. Do you know, I was in love with you at one time? Boy and girl, you know, — boy and girl. Ha, ha! *you'd* no idea of it, but I was.

Jenny (*in wonder*). Oh, yes! I knew it very well.

Spread. (*much astonished*). You knew it? You knew that I was attached to you!

Jenny. Why, of course I did!

Spread. Did you, indeed! Bless me, you don't say so! Now, that's amazingly curious. Leave a woman alone to find *that* out! It's instinctive, positively instinctive. Now, my dear Jane, I'm a very close student of human nature; and, in pursuit of that study, I should like above all things to know by what signs you detected my secret admiration for you (*takes her hand*).

Jenny. Why, bless the man! There was no mystery in the matter. You told me all about it!

Spread. I told you all about it?

Jenny. Certainly you did, — here, in this garden.

Spread. That I admired you, — loved you?

Jenny. Most assuredly! Surely you've not forgotten it (*he drops her hand*). *I* haven't.

Spread. I remember that I had the impertinence to be very fond of you. I forgot that I had the impertinence to tell

you so. I remember it now. I made a fool of myself: I remember it by that. I told you that I adored you, didn't I? — that you were as essential to me as the air I breathed, that it was impossible to support existence without you, that your name should be the most hallowed of earthly words, and so forth. Ha, ha! my dear Jane, before I'd been a week on board I was saying the same thing to a middle-aged governess whose name has entirely escaped me. (*She has exhibited signs of pleasure during the earlier part of this speech, and disappointment at the last two lines.*) What fools we make of ourselves!

Jenny. And of others!

Spread. Oh, I meant it, Jane! I meant every word I said to you.

Jenny. And the governess?

Spread. And the governess! I would have married you, Jane.

Jenny. And the governess?

Spread. And the governess! I'd have married *her*, if she had accepted me; but she didn't. Perhaps it was as well: she was a widow with five children. I cursed my destiny at the time, but I've forgiven it since. I talked of blowing out my brains. I'm glad I didn't do it, as I've found them useful in my profession. Ha, ha! (*looking round, crossing to* R.; *Jenny stands* C., *watching him, her back to the audience.*) The place has changed a good deal since my time — improved, improved, — we've all three improved. I don't quite like this tree, though: it's in the way. What is it? A kind of beech, isn't it?

Jenny. No: it's a sycamore.

Spread. Ha! I don't understand English trees; but it's a curious place for a big tree like this, just outside the drawing-room window. Isn't it in the way?

Jenny. It *is* rather in the way.

Spread. I don't like a tree before a window: it checks the current of fresh air; don't you find that?

Jenny. It *does* check the current of fresh air.

Spread. Then, the leaves blow into the house in autumn, and that's a nuisance; and, besides, it impedes the view.

Jenny. It is certainly open to those objections.

Spread. Then cut it down, my dear Jane (*crossing round behind tree to* L.). Why don't you cut it down?

Jenny. Cut it down! I wouldn't cut it down for worlds.

That tree is identified in my mind with many happy recollections (*sits*).

Spread. Remarkable! the influence exercised by associations over a woman's mind. Observe: you take a house mainly because it commands a beautiful view; you apportion the rooms principally with reference to that view; you lay out your garden at great expense to harmonize with that view: and, having brought that view into the very best of all possible conditions for the full enjoyment of it, you allow a gigantic and wholly irrelevant tree to block it all out, for the sake of the sentimental ghost of some dead and gone sentimental reality. Take my advice, and have it down. If I had had any thing to do with it, you would never have planted it. I shouldn't have allowed it!

Jenny. You had so much to do with it, that it was planted there at your suggestion.

Spread. At mine? Never saw it before in my life.

Jenny. We planted it together thirty years ago, — the day you sailed for India.

Spread. It appears to me that that was a very eventful day in my career. We planted it together? I have no recollection of having ever planted a gigantic sycamore anywhere. And we did it together! Why, it would take a dozen men to move it.

Jenny. It was a sapling then: you cut it for me.

Spread. (*suddenly and with energy*). From the old sycamore in the old garden at Hampstead! Why, I remember: I went to London expressly to get it for you (*laughing, sitting on her left*). And the next day I called to say good-by, and I found you planting it, and I helped; and, as I was helping, I found an opportunity to seize your hand (*does so*). I grasped it — pressed it to my lips — (*does so*), and said, "My dear, dear Jenny" (*he drops her hand suddenly*), and so forth. Never mind *what* I said. But I meant it, — I meant it (*laughs heartily: she joins him, but her laughter is evidently forced; eventually she shows signs of tears which he doesn't notice*). It all comes back with a distinctness which is absolutely photographic. I begged you to give me a flower: you gave me one, — a sprig of geranium.

Jenny. Mignonnette.

Spread. *Was* it mignonnette? I think you're right: it was mignonnette. I seized it, pressed it to my trembling lips, placed it next my fluttering heart, and swore that, come what

might, I would never, never part with it. I wonder what I did with that flower! And then I took one from my button-hole, — begged you to take it, — you took it; and — ha, ha, ha! — you threw it down carelessly on the table, and thought no more about it, you heartless creature. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I was very angry! I remember it perfectly: it was a camellia.

Jenny (*half-crying, aside*). Not a camellia, I think.

Spread. Yes, a camellia, a large white camellia.

Jenny. I don't think it was a camellia: I rather think it was a rose.

Spread. Nonsense, Jane! Come, come, you hardly looked at it, miserable little flirt that you were; and you pretend, after thirty years, to stake your recollection of the circumstance against mine? No, no, Jane! take my word for it, it was a camellia.

Jenny. I'm sure it was a rose.

Spread. No: I'm sure it was a camellia.

Jenny (*in tears*). Indeed, indeed, it was a rose (*produces a withered rose from a pocket-book: he is very much impressed, looks at it and at her, and seems much affected*).

Spread. Why, Jane, my dear Jane, you don't mean to say that this is the very flower?

Jenny. That is the very flower! (*rising.*)

Spread. Strange! You seemed to attach no value to it when I gave it to you; you threw it away as something utterly insignificant; and, when I leave, you pick it up, and keep it for thirty years (*rising*). My dear Jane, how like a woman!

Jenny. And you seized the flower I gave you, pressed it to your lips, and swore, that, wherever your good or ill fortune might carry you, you would never part with it; and — and you quite forget what became of it. My dear Harry, how like a man!

Spread. I was deceived, my dear Jane, deceived. I had no idea that you attached so much value to my flower.

Jenny. We were both deceived, Henry Spreadbrow.

Spread. Then it is possible, that in treating me as you did, Jane, you were acting a part?

Jenny. We were both acting parts; but the play is over, and there's an end of it (*with assumed cheerfulness, crossing to* L.). Let us talk of something else.

Spread. No, no, Jane, the play is *not* over! We will talk of nothing else, — the play is not nearly over. My dear

Jane (*rising, and taking her hand*), my very dear Jane, believe me, for I speak from my hardened old heart, so far from the play being over, the serious interest is only just beginning. (*He kisses her hand; they walk towards the house.*)

W. S. Gilbert.

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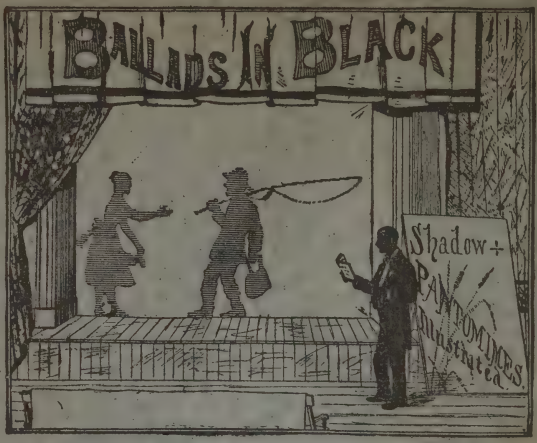

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